

IMPORTANT Medical Facts For Every Man Who Has Passed His 40th Birthday

Men, Too, Go Thru "Change of Life" DOCTORS CALL IT

You've Said It Too, "When I was Younger I

Could Eat Anything... But Now..." It's An Old Story

When You Get Past Forty!

You can fool yourself, but you can't fool Nature. As we arow older usually our appetite is smaller and our diges from in't as good. We can't cat everything we should eat to maintain our best health, if we wear plates, or have missing teeth withink is combare missing teeth withink is com-

"MALE CLIMACTERIC" WE MEN PAST FORTY HATE TO ADMIT IT! But-it's True! And, Thank Goodness, a Safe, New Discovery is Now Available (Without Pre-

scription) To Us When We May Need it Most. Doctors know it, employers know

it . . . and many men past forty "feel" something is happening, but usually don't know what it is ... After the first forty years. the human body undergoes important normal changes, But, men think that "change of life" occurs only in women! This "change" happens in MEN as well as women! You can be in perfect health and still go thru "change of life"... because it is a change

... please continue on for facts that will absolutely amaze you.

that may occur in anyone over forty. Don't take my word for it ... ask your doctor. During 'male climac-teric'' or as we call it 'change of life' ... it is more important than ever that your body be at its strongest and not deficient in vital vitamins and minerals during this period. Yes, your body needs not just "any" vitamin or mineral ... but a combination of nutritional supplements created especially for the needs of older men and women. If you've read this far, you are sincerely interested



Recently, a well known scientist perfected this all new After 40 Capsule vitamin and mineral formula...he created it especially for men and women past forty. he combined a special group of essential vitamins and minerals that his years of study revealed were most needed, often lacking by folks approaching the late years when "change of life" usually oc-curs. Common sense and your doctor will tell you your body often requires a supply of different vitamins and minerals in different amounts during the older years than they did during your younger years to function at their best. Perhaps as a child you took cod-liver oil ... you don't child you took con-liver on ... you don't take it now. During your older years you are more interested in maintaining your body ... during younger years the main interest was in growth. That's why the special AFTER 49 Capsule formula is so

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"MIDDLE AGED" FOLKS. Please Read Carefully! A famous selential stated that nutrition is one of the greatest problems in pre-ventative medicine, With After 40 Cap-

our suffering. Don't take needless and foolish risks during this important time of your life. MAIL HOME TRIAL COUPON TODAY. SEE WHAT AN AMAZING DIFFERENCE AFTER 40 CAPSULES MAY MAKE IN YOUR LIFE! your health from falling below par by ELMORENE CO., Dept.c-554

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NAME	AGE
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COURAGE, MEN-

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS ISSUE'S PIN-UP QUEEN, GRETA THYSSEN



Medical ABLED Viscovery NEW Effective TREATMENT



HERE'S WHAT PSORIASIS SUFFER-ERS SAY ABOUT TROPISAN AND THE BLESSED RELIEF THEY GET FROM EXTERNAL SYMPTOMS



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WE HACKED THROUGH THEIR

FLESH

By SGT. HAROLD SPAIN, as told to B. W. von Block

The SHELL was a big one—a 152 at least by the sound of it. The driving-band was loose and the thing drilled through the air with a hellish screech. I heard it coming straight for us and slammed myself against the rock-studded ground.

Jagged steel splattered all over

the hillside and the ear-shattering "crummp" of the explosion blotted out all the other crashing acunds of battle, I clutched at the earth beneath me, my body an icy, fearstricken blob of trembling, sweatdrenched clay.

The slender, brown-skinned lit-

The slender, brown-skinned little man crouched next to me laughed! He laughed loudly in his high, thin voice . . .

"Come on, 'Hollywood!' " he yowled gleefully. "We got a long way to go..."

I tried to stand up. I had trouble.

I was loaded down with gearmost of it useless in the suicidal
situation in which I found myself.
I shook my head to clear it. My
brain-box still rang and buzzed
from the shell-blast.

The little man—Lt. Serafino Especie—reached down and grabbed my arm. He yanked me up into a standing position. I saw that he still held his knife. Only the blade wasn't bright and shiny now. It was red and sticky with blood. I saw it and I wanted to get very sick. The young Filipino office smiled broadly. He apopeared total-

smiled broadly. He appeared totally oblivious to the fire-fight ragingaround us. We could have been
strolling in Central Park—instead
of working our way up a hill
swarming with heavily-armed enemy troops!
"Come on!" Lt. Esposito urged

"Come on!" Lt. Esposito urged once more, a trace of impatience in his tone. "Maybe you can take pictures of the next one I killi" Ahead and on both sides of us,

Ahead and on born states of us, men were fighting and dying. The Chinese were hosing 76 and 152millimeter shells down our throats. Machine guns and BAR's and rifles thudded and chattered.

"Madmeth jutterially. "You're amended the man and the

IT WAS A BUTCHER SHOP IN HELL. STREWH WITH KNIFE-CARVED LUMPS OF FLESH, GOUTY WITH BLOOD. "MADMEN!" I SCREAMED. "MADMEN!"

But this was insanity! Ordered to film the activities of the 20th Battalion Combat Team, the Filipino unit making up part of the UN forces, I allowed myself to be talked into accompanying two of the outfit's platoons.

"We'll attack at 1000 hours," Captain Ramos the battalion operations officer told me.

"A frontal assault in broad daylight?" I asked.

"Sure. We can't see in the dark. can we? You can go along with Lt. Serafino Esposito. He's a good

Even then, I didn't think too much of it-not until I saw the force assembled for the assault, There were only two somewhat understrength platoons-and the Chinese had at least 200 men dug into deep bunkers and covered trenches on the objective! It was too late to back out, Why? How the hell do I know?

You get in so far-and then you're afraid of being called yellow, You know you're in a jam, but you stick because you're ashamed to admit your guts are churning and you're livid with fear.

My hands were shaking when I wound up the Eyemo movie camera I carried. I ran a 100-foot roll through it. I caught a long shot



and promptly dubbed me "Holly-

and a few closeups of the Filipino GI's waiting for the order to move I watched them in amazement. They were laughing and joking, Someone brought Lt. Esposito over

wood." He insisted I inspect the men in his platoon. "Maybe you'll make us all movie stars?" he kidded.

The soldiers were all short and (Continued on page 50)

to meet me. He shook my hand "They hacked and stabbed and slashed their way. It was an advance made with every step through the enemy's blood."





TRAIL OF THE DEATH DOG . . .

By LLOYD A. SMITH, as told to Paul Brock

THE HEAVY LASH of walrus hide scorched across the dark gray hasky's back. His quivering belly flattened to the snow. The whip clipped out tufts of fur and cut deep into his flesh. Again and again it has really a small historial result flattened, his lips folled box small historial results and the results of the results

who had put harness on him and hooked him to a sied three days ago vanished like snow poured on a red-hot stove. In its place surged the natural impulse to destroy. All the saveged truy of his father's pulse to destroy. All the savege fury of his father's air. His flanks and haunches tensed, and the dog sprang at his tormentor. The savege fungs pierced soft flesh, and the lash fell no more. The musher and blood cought through his imm his torn threat, and blood cought through his imm?

Other Indians dragged the dog away, and they called him "Mamaloose," which is the Alaskan Indian's word for death. From that day on, man was his enemy.

I got bin a month ister while passing, through the Indian village with the first trip of the Sait Water land mail. The native who had intended to Water land mail. The native who had intended to When I offered to boy him, the Indian ted me of the dogs Mamaloose had crippled, He spoke of Interaction of the Company of the Company of the lesson in many tiny scars on sinery legs and coppertuded to the company of the form Mamaloose, and was sailed on the spot. He told me about the Anaisan Indian under whose

I answered his recital with a slow smile, for I was a musher from the moosehide soles of my moccasins to the two marten tails atop my fur cap, and I was willing to samble on my own judgement.

The defiant look in the slanted hazel eyes that met mine pleased me. I liked defiance. I preferred self-respect to cowering obediance. Disposition was a matter of training. Anything in the way of dog flesb as near perfect as Mamaloose was worth spend-

ing plenty of time on.
That do, was 100 pounds of hard bone and muscle.
Those peads were wide, flat, and well-baired. Feet like
show the advantages of weight. Those legs were well
muscled too. And even a chechsko—the rawest kind
of tendersoot—could see that there was more than
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The second day after leaving I had the flesh torn from the back of one of my hands, and before the week was up I had a slash on my thigh that extended all the way from hip to knee. "He's wouns, but don't worry. Fill train him yet."

Thes young, but don't worry, I'll train him yet, I told the bunch at the relief cabin that night, but the other men—mushers like myself who made their living pounding Alaska's unmeasured trails—abook their heads in doubt.

Most of them knew the mail route from the little seaport village in to Fort Egbert. There was no airstrip at that outpost, and no landing lake within 30 miles, and dragging supplies in by sled bad paid well. Many a time these boys had themselves flirted with the mile-deep crevasses of the Salkeens Glacier, and they had crossed those tundra flats between Lacket Creek and Sutna River in a blistering 50bloow frozen hell. They all knew that only a dog who knew his stuff was any use to a man when bitter, Arctic fury swept the trail.

"Why work a killer?" they asked me, but I only shrugged. Why try and explain my attachment for the dog? Already I thought more of the vicious, defiant Mamaloose than any other dog in my string. If make a leader of him yet, and to hell with his poisonous disposition. It was intelligence that counted and Mamaloose had nelent of the they of the they are the counted and Mamaloose had nelent of the they are the counted and Mamaloose had nelent of the they are the counted and Mamaloose had nelent of the they are the counted and Mamaloose had nelent of the they are the counted and Mamaloose had nelent of the they are the counted and Mamaloose had nelent of the they are the counter of the they are the counter of the counter

By midwinter I had scars on my left forearm, and one of my older dogs had been killed. The death dog still worked in the lead, and I still boasted about him to any who would listen.

"Ornery as a wolverine," I'd say, "But trail-wise! He knows the route better than I do, and I've been pounding it for five winters now. He's a natural born



leader."

"And ruthless killer," said Joe Falsise, one of my best friends. "He's some dog all right, but he'll get you into a jam sometime, just as sure as shooting," "You may be right," I said, "but remember that I've cut a whole day off my run through using Mamaloose, I'll take my chances."

Gambling on my own judgement, I put more and more faith into my lead dog as the bitter cold of January and its scant four hours of gray daylight gave way to the uncertain weather of February. Once, when Sutna flats stretched ahead, and the

air was so full of swirling frost that vision was limited to five yards, I relied solely upon the intelligence behind those rebellious hazel eyes. We came out at the exact spot where the snow-hidden trail entered the timber on the far side of the dangerous 10-mile sweep of frozen tundra.

Then, one day on the way in from the seaport, the death dog almost made the black prophecies about him come true. He came within inches of getting me into a 100 percent jam. An insane wind tramped across the glacier and

hid Salkeena's yawning death traps in gusty clouds of snow. The bitter, Arctic-born gale seared flesh where it struck, and it turned warm breath to sudden smoke.

It decorated the chests of my dogs with lace of frost, and it made white quills of their black whiskers. It froze their lashes together and blinded them, as it did me, their driver. It shrieked and howled, bored its way through the thick coats of the does and sought the seams in my caribou-calf parka.

Down over the rough and crevasse-checked surface of Old Salkeena, I rode my three-clawed brake, but the ice was swept clean and hard as flint. The sawsteel runners rang over patches as black as ebony, and others marine green. I missed gaping chasms by breathtaking margins, and crossed a fisure on a wind-packed snow bridge that wouldn't have held my weight if I had have been going any slower.

I was just forming a silent compliment to the judgement of my lead dog when it happened. Blazer, the big Siberian with a sizable dash of Eskimo, who had been working on the haw side of the lead, nipped Mamaloose on the hauch as the

death dog hesitated when confronted with an angle of two cracks. That nip was Blazer's death warrant. And the execution couldn't have taken place in a worse spot,

execution couldn't have taken place in a worse spot, for there was windswept ice under both dogs and sled. Slowly, despite all the weight I could put on the

brake, the heavily-laden 12-foot sled slipped side-ways towards the yawning chams at 1 foogh to hold; it back I didn't even have time to look at the fight. There was a bloody, yelping free-for-all. Manaloos first wheeled and struck the insulting swing dog. The Siberian, with one shoulder tora, lapsed back among those hitched behind. The death dog followed, his head swingsing look, the killer light in his eyes. In one head wingsing look, the killer light in his eyes in one jumble, slipping and sliding on the wind-ewep pach of emertial (see I bellowed at Mamaloose, but the mad gale shoved my words back down my throat. Slowly, the sled inched over, closer to the edge of the deep crevase. The wind blustered against the basket sides and the weight of the tumbling mass of fighting dogs pulled the nose down as the brake claw half held a pivot.

I took in the whole situation through my frostrimmed lashes. Another foot and I'd have to jump clear of the sled and let go. I thought of the possibility of cutting the towline to save the dogs. Not a chance! They'd have to go to their deaths, wedged in the bottom of an ice grave 100 feet deep.

I yelled again. The sled swung, then stopped suddenly. It quivered with a nervous jerking of the towline as Mamaloose tore out the Siberian's jugular. The air left my lungs in a gust of relief as a rough projection in the surface of the ice held me. It was a nightmare job getting out of there even

It was a nightmare job getting out of there even after Mamaloose was willing to listen to commands. Carefully, I worked the team and sled back to where wind-packed snow gave them sure footing. The big Siberian was already stiffening in death

as he was dragged back. When I had the string straightened out, I was left with two dogs so crippled that they had to be hauled. The rest licked minor wounds and answered their leader snarl for snarl. I swore by all the saints that watch over troubled

dog mushers that I'd kill Mamaloose when I reached the end of my run at Fort Egbert. I'd been a fool to let my admiration of a dog's beauty sway my judgement. I'd very probably have killed him right "I crept quietly to a corner of the cabin, hidden from the dogs. A pencil of light stabbed through the logs."

there if it hadn't been for the three unfilled harnesses dangling from my handlebars.

The casualties on the team and the delay on the glacier made me late getting into the relief cabin that night. I fed the dogs, but I had no kind word for Mamaloose, I was well below the storm here, and in the day-

I was well oclow the storm nere, and in the daylight clearness of the cold moon I looked that dog in the eye. But Mamaloose didn't cringe as any other dog would have done. He stared back with a look that made me feel the big husky knew what awaited him.

The dog's brazen guts made me just that more certain that I would kill him at the end of the run

the following night. I swore this a dozen times as I unloaded the canvas mail bags from the sled and cooked my supper. I rolled out my sleeping bag with the thought in my mind that all the guys would now have the laugh on me.

Some time later a vicious snarl outside awakened me. I lay for a moment, thinking that perhaps some animal was prowling near the dogs. Then I disaminal was prowling near the dogs. Then I disaminate the dogs of the prowling near the dogs. Then I disaminate the dogs of the prowling near the dogs. Then I disaminate the prowling near the dogs of the prowling near the dogs.

me. I lay for a moment, thinking that perhaps some animal was prowling near the dogs. Then I distinctly heard the crunch of heavy feet on the snow and the angry rumble that came from the throat of Mamaloose.

I slipped out of my sleeping bag and groped for my flashight, Suddenly the door was thrown open. The momilght flooded in, and I knew what was denim parks almost filled the doorway. A resised rifle was steady in his hands, and another face pered over his shoulder. I saw the lean, black-stubbled face, with one slitted eye glittering at the spot on I didn't was for it. I have the subject to the state of the subject to the sub

and sideways, my hand streaking for my own gun. The rifle roared and pain seared through my left shoulder. It roared again. I sagged to the floor and blackness came.

My first sensation when I regained consciousness

was one of extreme cold. The cabin door was open, the fire in the rusted Yukon stove in the corner had long since burned out. Stiffly I pulled myself myself the door was the contract of the contract my left side and arm. With a shaking right hand I felt the wound in my shoulder. One shot had proken my collar-bone. My heavy wool underwear was stiff with blood and it was like ice against ray my left arm but had not shattered the bone.

Three times I had to sink to the ground and rest before I could rebuild the fire. Worry added to my troubles, My gun was gone, and so were the blueand-white-striped mail bags that had been piled behind the door. A glance outside showed me that my team and sled had also been taken by the thugs. Mail robberly What were they after? The bulky

registered parcel addressed to the Bear Valley Mining Company? The straight mail would never tempt anyone, and there hadn't been any ore samples never was on the inbound trip.

I mulled the thing over as I painfully dug up a meal out of the grub box which had been left behind. With my wounds cleaned (Continued on page 48)





This is a typical slave girl, a Circassian, ready to go on display.

WHEN THE SLAVERS DISPLAYED HER, SHE HAD A FIRM YOUNG BODY..... WHEN NER OWNER WAS FINISHED, HER SKIH HUHG IN TATTERS.... This time the bidding reached \$150 before Fara removed her robe again,

obe again.

The sight of her made men's lips

go dry and their breath come fast. Fara walked closer to where they stood around the raised platform, then moved her body in a slow, provocative dance, swaying in time to music only she could hear. She looked down at the faces of

She looked down at the faces of the men in front of her, examining them as they devoured her with their eyes. Finally she smiled at a tail young Taureg and walked back to stand beside the slave trader. The bidding was fast and furious for a few moments more, then Fara was purchased by the tail Taureg and led away to start the journey to her new home.

Fara had learned a lot during the months on the slave caravansome from the other girls, more from the slave trader. Tonight she would put every trick she had learned into practice. This was what she had been born for-if she had not been stolen, her family would almost certainly have sold her into slavery-and she felt no shame or anger at her fate. Only pleasure at her good fortune in the choice of an owner, and anticipation of her chances during the next two weeks to become his famorita

sparkling with tiny chins of class Tonight was the night on which her future for years to come would depend. Fara knew she was not the only concubine of her master. He had not spoken to her yet, but she knew from his manner and his wealth that as soon as she was taken to her new home, she would be just another concubine, confined in a harem with 50 or 100 other girls awaiting the master's pleasure. And probably getting mighty little of it. Other girls who had been there longer, would be his favorites, and they would rule



These harem slaves find a few moments of happiness in an impromptu dance. Girl in rear, left, seems still scared.

the harem under the watchful eyes of the eunuchs, the pitiful, bloated creatures who were men in name only, having been deprived of their manhood,

But Fara had two weeks of opportunity to win her new master during the trip to her new home, and ahe meant to make the most of it. If she succeeded, the glass chips in her silk veils would become diamonds between her firm young breasts.

Fara ate no dinner that night. She served her master's food, then danced as he was eating. It was a tantalizing dance—not really a dance at all but more of a fluid withing and twisting of hee graceful body—very slowly at first with Fara standing almost motioniess in one spot, then gradually becoming faster and faster as she whirled and allowed her veils to float to the floor one by one.

The tall Taureg pretend he was not watching her in the beginning, but in a few minutes she saw him run his tongue across his lips. She increased the pace of her dance then, and soon discarded her last veil, allowing it to float over his head and intoxicate him with the perfume of her magnificent body, noised

and waiting in front of him . . .

The next two weeks passed quickly. By the time Fara got the first glimpse of her new home, she was sure she was the undisputed favorite. How could it be otherwise! No man could demand so much of her—and so much of himself—so many times unless he was filled with desire for her.

reas ne was men with dealer for next.

Fara was right. For almost two months she reigned as queen of the Arab harem, slaves and other concubines running to do her bidding, her heart on fire with the glory of absolute power after years of being treated with less care than a camel. Everything was exactly as she wanted it.

Gone were the cheap silk veils with glass spangles. Now she wore a girdle of diamonds, with a huge, fiery ruby between her golden breasts thrusting through the film of expensive silk that clung to her like a second skin. (Continued on page 45)



Transparent clothes fail to hide slave's charms

CONFESSIONS OF A GIGOLO . . .



"How would you like to have a drink up in my room?" she invited. Brother, these women are all alike!

By "FREDDIE," as told to C. V. Tench

TOU HEAR PLENTY about "call girls" and "motor mamas."—the girls who sell themselves in their customer's own car-but not much about "call boys," Just the same, there are plenty of them in the game and I'm one of them. The fancy name for us is "gigolo." Here's how I got started.

At 23 I found myself with a college degree, worthless from the standpoint of earning a living. a fairly good wardrobe, and barely \$100 left of the \$5000 my father had given to me to start life

"If you've any brains and guts at all," he told me brusquely when he handed me the check, "you'll run that up into real money and establish yourself firmly. If you waste it, then that's your funeral: you'll get no more help from me His tone had been tinged with contempt and

I understood why. I had only played around at college instead of taking some worthwhile courses. In short, I had proved a disappointment to him. I didn't take his advice. That was why I found myself now in Miami, just about flat.

A leopard cannot change its spots, and I hadn't changed my ways. With the \$5000 I had been really putting on the dog. Best hotels, best bars, best night spots, best of everything. Consequently, although I hadn't made any par-

ticular friends. I had made a fairly wide acquaintancec among wealthy people, and had acquired polish and wordliness Actually, as I was to learn later, it was a good

investment. In Miami, during the season, are swarms of older, unattached women with money; divorcees, widows and spinsters. Most of them are love-

starved and man-hungry. Paid gigolos do well with such women. I seriously considered the gigolo business myself, because not only had I a good education. family background and a good wardrobe, but I

also had looks. That's not conceit. None of us have any say in the matter of how we are built or the kind of face we have to wear through life. Before my mother died she had often said to me: "Freddie when they handed out good looks you were right in the front row"

So. I had God-given looks, but no money Plenty of the older women I had danced with had simpered and made awkward advances

Fine! Could I now cash in on my only tangible assets, my looks, clothes and general upbringing? The question was answered for me that night by Elsa, when I was dancing with her Amply supplied with money, she spent plenty in beauty salons, so although well into her forties she had

retained her looks. A really attractive older woman. As we danced, she asked me why I was so silent and clum. I told her straight that I was now so flat I would have to find a job of some kind, and reconcile myself to a lower standard of living. After giving me a shocked glance she remained silent. Later, when we were having a drink, she

"Freddie, with your looks and personality it would be a shame to work at some dull, poorlypaid iob. I can suggest a better way out for you."

"What?" I asked. "You're very young yet," she answered, looking me full in the eyes, "so perhaps I'd better teach

She then asked me to escort her home to her

When I finally left I found \$100 in my pocket. Furthermore, as Elsa was not out to get another husband, did not want to monopolize me and was big enough not to be foolishly jealous. Elsa told me that she would let other women know about

Sitting alone in my hotel room later I swallowed a few drinks and thought it over carefully. I had always been accustomed to a high standard of living. A job? Perhaps marriage? I couldn't see it. I simply wasn't the type to ever become a small-wage family man.

Then and there I decided to explore to the full this new way of making a good living.

Elsa was as good as her word regarding letting other women know. (Continued on nade 45)



THE LION CHARGED, AND THE MAN WITH THE GUN SCREAMED, PUKED, TURNED TAIL. THEN THE LION CAME FOR ME

A WHITE HUNTER has to tolerate all kinds of odd characters on safari. You get everything from regular guys to screwballs ... from psychos to alcoholics. Since arriving home with your skin in one piece often depends on your client's mental condition and courage, you must choose them carefully. To do this you have to be a hunter ... all in one. The course was a hunter ... all in one. The most part of the course of the co

why I sometimes make a mistake and wind up with an odd-ball who gets both of us into real trouble. I had enjoyed a streak of ideal clients for a while and I was riding my luck as far as it would

stretch. Then along came a Texas real estate broker named Charlie Wheeler. He turned my next safari into a nightmare. Wheeler had courage all right.

Wheeler had courage all right, but he got it out of a bottle labeled "100-proof gin." I'd hunted with every kind of drinker, from afterBy RICHARD L. SCOTT

dinner wine sippers to absinthe addicts, but Wheeler was the worst. He was a weakling who used gin as a crutch to help him over the rough spots in life.

One day he used gin to give him enough courage to shoot a lion. The lion and the gin formed an explosive mixture that nearly rocked both of us off the face of the

earth Wheeler, a huge man with a flushed face, had been on the wagon for a week or so when I met his plane at the Nairobi airport, and I didn't know he was a lush. I became suspicious when he stowed six cases of ein aboard the truck for a 60-day safari, but by then it was too late to back out. So I decided to make the best of a touchy situation and pointed the safari toward the Kagera River country in the northwestern neck of Tanganvika, where there is a concentration of major game,

As we hunted game by day and sat by the campfire at night, I observed many things about Mr. Wheeler. Although he was older than I, be had never grown up. He used gin as a substitute for maturity. He had been on gin so long he couldn't tackle a simple problem without a drink to camouflage reality.

Our opening-day hunt was for Thomson gazelle. Early that morning we started across a broad savanna adjoining camp. Two houlater the tracker, K'Linni, found fresh sign. The dime-sired tracks read sign. The dime-sired tracks cox-bow of a spring-fed creek. We ex-bow of a spring-fed creek. We neared a copse of acacis trees and spotted the Tommie near the creek bank, chomping off mouthfuls of tender moss, then raising this of tender moss, then raising emiss.

As we moved behind a brush to find a shooting position I got a whiff of Wheeler's breath and suddenly realized he was drunk. He wasn't staggering or glassy-eyed ...just plain drunk. I hadn't seen him taking a drink and didn't even know he'd brought along a bottle.

know ned prought acong a nortice.

My client raised his 222 Swift and took aim. I figured held butcher the little animal. His rifle cracked and the Tommie pitched into the creek, drilled neatly through the heart. I complimented him on making a clean kill. Moments later, I feared I'd made a mistake, for compliments might encourage him to depend more strongly on alcohol than before.

I thought Wheeler's getting drunk on the gazelle hunt was merely the result of opening-day nerves. But the next day we went after sable and it happened again. He always appeared cold sober as we started out, but when it came time to make the kill he was

drunk.

As he had done with the Tommie, he made a perfect kill and I.l more than the complaints of the comlaints of the comlaints of the comlaints of the comlaints of the comclaints of the comlaints of the comcomtaints of the comlaints of the comtaints of the com-

to stay alive.

That night I mixed a shaker of Martinis and offered Wheeler one. He drained the glass and poured himself another. I sometimes like to relax with a mild drink after a hard day's hunt. Wheeler drank for a different resson . . . to compensate for his lack of confidence. I subject of drinking, then told him what I had on my mind.

what I had on my mind.
"I think we should do all our drinking after hunting hours from here on." I suggested. "otherwise.

it'll eventually get us into trouble."
Wheeler stuyed sober the next
day while we collected a bushbuck. He performed even bett
than he had done with the sid of
gin. I thought he'd licked he
drinking problem, but a few days
later he was back on the board
later he was back on the board
where he hadn't the confidence to
go into the field without a bellyful of gin.

I let it ride. If he wanted to rot his nerves with gin that was his business. I was prepared to take



the big cat growing, leaped, mail and beat longin grimy-to death.

extra precautions while hunting with him, drunk or sober. I couldn't afford to let him get hurt while he was under my care. For the next three weeks we

hunted plains game among the grassy valleys of the Kagera River basin. Wheelet was a good marksman on small stuff and did rather well . . staying soused with gin all the way. He bagged nice trophy specimens of sable, duikerbok, springbok, Lichtenstein hartebeest, roan, gemsbok, and a lesser kudu. His ambition was to take home

His ambition was to take home the biggest pair of elephant tusks in Africa, and a lion head with a flowing black mane. He drank gin and talked elephant hunting by the hour. The longer he drank, the braver he became. I couldn't tell whether he actually had the guts to tackle dangerous game or if his liquor was doing the talking for him. He never mentioned it when

he was sober.

About half of our safari time was gone, and I figured we should get busy hunting the bigger stuff. One night when Wheeler sat drinking before the campfire, mentally shooting his elephant, I called his

hand.
"I think we should move up near
Lake Victoria and give you a
chance to shoot your elephant for
real," I suggested.

He suddenly appeared sober.



The smell of death in Africa is never far from veldt waterholes like this one. Where zebras gather, the hungry lion stalks—and eats,

"I—Til need a day or two to think it over," he stammered. A week went by and he still hadn't given me an answer. I didn't push him. If he'd rather spend his \$100 a day drinking gin and chaiing antelope that was up to him. He had paid for a full ticket and was entitled to his money's worth, but I want't itching to go after aggressive game with a lush.

gressive game with a lush. Just after sunrise one morning Wheeler, K'Linni, two gun boys and mysalf were checking salt and the sunrise of the sunrise of the sunrise of the sunrise su

could be two or more prides of lions following and feeding on them. A lion hunter first looks for good grass, then for a migrating herd of zebra. When he finds zebra be usually finds his lion somewhere

I studied Wheeler a moment. He was sober but hung over from yes-

terday's gin.
"How about it, Mr. Wheeler?"
I questioned. "Are you ready for a lion year?"

a lion yet?"
"I don't know," he hedged. "I kinda had my heart set on finding

a kudu bull."
"We just lucked onto this zebra
herd," I reminded him. "You
wouldn't find this good a setup
again if you looked for a week. A
zebra herd of this size usually
means there's cats following, but
not always. Why don't I let the
tracker scout around and see what

the situation is? Then if he comes up with something we'll proceed from there."

It told K'Linni to skirt the perimeter of the spoor and trace the herd back to where he figured they would have been located the night before, checking waterholes as he before, checking waterholes as he was abade tree and the state of the salude tree and the state of the him out. We were having our noon sandwiches and tea when he returned five hours later.

KLinni had scouted several miles down the cut to the escarpment facing on the Kagera River, where the berd had watered the might before. A lionest had jumped the herd as they fed away from the river and made a kill on a fatter colt. Drag marks showed that the lioness' mate had pulled the colt into a manrove thicket where

both had feasted. Following the cats' spoor from the kill site, the tracker found they were denned somewhere in a mile-iong kloof that anaked its way down the escarpment to the river. No tracks led out of the kloof.

"The cats may still be sleeping off their feed by the time we get there and maybe not, Mr. Wheeler," I pointed out. "Do you want to take

I pointed out. "Do you want to take a look?"
"Look, hell!" he boasted. "It cost me 28 bucks for a license to kill one so that's just what I'm gonna

I should have guessed where he got his sudden courage, but I didn't. From the rimrock of the escarpment my tracker pointed out the winding kloof where he thought the cats were denning. I led the way toward it. Haifway down, I walted for Wheeler to catch up so I could warn him to lay off the

alcohol.

The look in his eyes and the smell of his breath when he got up close told me I was too late. I tried to figure out where he had got it, and I could come up with but one answer. The thermos flask of "tea" he'd brought along contained straight gin. He had swigged on it all through lunch . . and now was half loaded. I shook my head

disgustedly,
"I don't think we'd better go in
after the cats today, Mr. Wheeler,"
I said sternly. "You can get away
with drinking on an antelope hunt,
but you must remember that every
llon is a killer. under the right

circumstances."

Wheeler was braver than Tarzan at that moment, With his brain duiled by alcohol he imagined he could kill the ilon with bare hands. "I can shoot a lion as easily as

I can kill an antelope," he bragged,
"so let's go bounce him out."
"I can't afford to be responsible for a man who's been drinking ...
not on a lion hunt," I insisted.
"You don't need to!" he shot back

angrily. "I can take care of myself!"
Wheeler wann't bo drunk, yet,
and he promised he'd lay off the
gin until after we'd completed the
kill. I hoped the long, hard walk
would straighten him up.
We reached the khof and found

a safe place to climb down the steep rock wall. The sharp-cyed tracker located the cats' spoor among the rocks and we followed it back toward the upbill side of the escarpment. When I found a read them. The size and spacing of the pug marks indicated the male was a big fellow, young and full of Hire. But I could only guess whether or not be had a trophy The tunnel-like kilor' was a maze.

of vine shrouded boulders and werhanging brush, forming a honeycomb of natural lairs for animals. It was a nice place for lions, but dangerous as hell for hunters. KTLini dogged the spoor and I followed close behind, covering him with my J75 Magnum in case the Hous bolled out of blind of a couple of paces on my right to help with the cover work, the two gun boys, Kits and Juna, tralling oun boys, Kits and Juna, tralling

The fact Wheeler was drinking killed my enthusiasm for the hunt. After a safari crew sorks and sweats to locate game it seems a client could at least be consciented to the safarity of the sa

hunt for me.

I remembered some of the things
Pappy Van Lannen had taught me
ahout hunting, and I declded that
taking a lush on a lion hunt was
not only against my professional
judgement, but was plain, stupid
sulcide. If Pappy knew what I was
doing he would craw out of his

Going he wount craws out of many grave and shout, "ye cramy fool!"
Things were already bad, but they were about to get worse. Wheeler haited and saked me to excess he was boulder, to relieve himself, I figured. K'Iinni worked the lion spoor on ahead while I walted for Wheeler. Kita and Juma began looking at Wheeler and agrinning at each other.

I went around the boulder to see what the big joke was.
My client was standing there guzzling gin from his thermos flask Searing hot fury boiled inside me. I slapped the thermos away from his mouth and it clattered and broke on the rocks.
"We're turning back, Wheeler!" I

tumed. "I'm not going to risk my neck taking an ungrateful sot into a canyon after a lion. If you..." Suddenly, K'Limi appeared on a boulder at my left, frantically waving for me to shut up. I tet my voice trail off and ran to see what he'd found. The black tracker pointed to a spot 50 yards beyond where the kloof formed a sharp

elbow. "Tracks end there, Bass," he whispered. At the lower point of the elbow there had been a rocksilde, teaving huge boulders ha skating pile against the perpendicular canyon created by the alide and the rockpile was overgrown with creepers and brush, an ideal lair for catt.

I moved closer to size up the situation.

Wheeler followed, cialming he was still sober and beging for a chance to shoot the lion. He looked okay from the outside, but I couldn't tell what was happening inside his head. The klooy was clear. of tall brush at the point we'd be shooting from and the physical situation looked good enough. "Okay," I agreed, "but don't let the cat get close to you."

K. Liami tested the wind with his puri bail and nodded to indicate it was safe to move in on the caves. We have a safe to move in on the caves. The tunnel widerned out where run up against the footies and the safe of the s

went wrong.

Seeing we were ready, the safarl boys began chunking rocks into the caves and crevices to flush the lions out. I kept glancing at the rockpile and back to Wheeler to see if he was all right. While we stood there waiting, Wheeler's last drink of gin hit him right between the ears.

the ears.

In mustering his courage for a lion hunt he'd taken on more than even he could handle. I hadn't known how much he had drunk and I'd thought I could get him through the kill, but Tight then I saw it was hopeless.

The boys were still chunking

"Hold up with the rocks," I sald.
"We're not shooting any lion today."

Just then Kita threw his last rock

and the shaggy body of the ilon exploded from the hole Kits was aiming for. The rock glanced and hit the beast on the rump. The startled eat leaped high into the air. His viclous, deep-throated growl sounded like it was echoling from a well. I kept my rife ready, watching the flon come down the rockpile and approach.

The big cat saw we had him cornered and stood at bay, pawing, snarling menacingly, searching for a way out, if be began inching belly-to-ground toward Wheeler, who was also as the state of the state o

I watched.
"Shoot him or get out of his
way!" I ordered.
I moved toward his position,

turning my back on the rockpile.

Wheeler's face was a mask of stark horror and he trembled from head to foot with indecision, Suddenly, a fountain of foul liquid (Continued on page 58)

THE SCANTY COSTUMES OF



DIANE

How will you have your beauty? In shirt or blouse, gown or negligee? Diane models all of them so you can make your choice

When a girl is as much of a photographer's delight as lovely Diane Webber is, the big problem becomes one of getting variety into the accessories to her beauty. Famed cameraman Russ Mayer solved the problem his own way by outfilling Diane with its seartly costlumes, taking pictures of her in each of them, and putting the burden (1) of choice on

Here's some background information: Diane, born in Los Angeles, Cal., is an accomplished ballet dancer, the busiest of models, and—surry, fellows—a devoted wife and mother. She is wed to film technician John Webber, has one son, John, Jr.







ONLY A FEW GOOD SCOUTS

THEY USED TO ROAM THE OIL-FIELDS, FULL OF BEAHS, VIHEGAR AND THE DIRTIEST TRICKS EVER PULLED. THEY WERE MEN!

By HARRY BOTSFORD

A TIMPEANCE NOUSE, a teamster going out for the down feeding of his horses craught a reliable to the second of the second reliable to the

The teamster thought the rider was crasy; the woman believed him to be drunk. Both were wrong, He was Charley Vincent, riding with a frozen boot-less foot. He was sanc; and he was relatively sober. Moreover, he was mad as hell. He had been one of two oil scouts keeping watch on a wildcat wall being drilled at Lovell's Corners, each word of the country to their separate bones if the ready to report to their separate bones if the

The well had come in a gusher. When Colonel Bodine heard of it, his lease hounds would ride out and lease every available acre. of land adjacent to the gusher.

It had happened fast; Vincent had awakened from the drowy comfort of a fire he had beilt at the edge on the woods near the well. He had watched for a minute, saw what was happening. Water was being thrown on the forge fire, the derrick heater, and in the bottler firebox. The casing head was spouting oil and it spread black across the snow.

He had leaped to his feet, threw off the blanket that had been wrapped around him. He reached for his boots, found only one, cursed bleakly when



Gusher blows sky-high as a Texas well comes in.

he saw the tracks of Elijah Shehmadine, saw that Shelmadine and his horse had faded in the darkness. Shelmadine had stolen one boot. Vincent didn't besitate, the whipped the blanket from his horse, started toward Pleasantville at breakneck speed. He tried to run Shelmadine down a halfmile from the derrick; Shelmadine's horse was nose at his rival and rode off in the darkness.

Within a mile, his bootless foot was numbed; it would be frozen by the time he reached Pleasant-ville, he realized. He pushed the horse mercilessly.



Tricky job of satting casing for all well is handled by drillers.

cursed Shelmadine. He passed farmhouses, smoke curled from their chimneys. Warmthl He was not tempted to stop and warm the numb-foot.

A gutty guy, this Charley Vincent He got the new home in time, his tose were frost-bitten and were removed by an alcoholic surgeon. He was given a handsome annuity by the Colonel, who had prefited found Bljah Shelmadine, pumped a couple of bullet into him, tossed the derringer away. Shelmadine lived, Vincent was brought to trial, properly charged. After of "Net Guilty," a popular venderich his a vender of "Net Guilty," a popular venderich his a vender of "Net Guilty," a popular venderich his na vender

Oil scouts were spies who watched certain wildcats. If one came in a gusher, they reported it speedily to their bosses. Communicatible largely was primitive, and the man who rode fastest or secured basic information ahead of his competitors commanded the blochet fee in this curious field of endeavor.

Elof Anderson was one of the top cil scouts of his day. He was of a scientific turn of mind, a unusual attribute in a fledgling industry which operated without rules and on little knowledge. He also bought more fashing line than anyone else. And he could tell with amazing accuracy when the drill of a wildcat well would strike the pay sand.

He knew the precise depth of the various oil sands,

something that other scouts didn't, know and regarded as useless knowledge. He was a yellowhaired, guileless appearing youth, but his fellow scouts noted that when the critical time came for the drill to tap the pay sand, he was always in the saddle, ready to go.

Elof boasted, when he retired comfortably wealthy, that he was one scout who didn't carry a load of bird-shot in his person. A crafty man, it was his practice to crawl up on a wildcat rig under cover of darkness, exercising great care not to be seen. The last few yards of crawling was fast, while the drilling crew were engaged in other activities. He quickly tied one end of the fishing line to the sand line. When the bailer was lowered to the bottom of the hole he cut the end of the line, crawled crab-wise until out of sight of the flickering light of the derrick lamps and ran like hell to a secluded spot. He measured the line left on the spool, subtracted the amount from what the spool had first contained, and had the exact depth to which the drill had penetrated. He knew the depth of the oil sand, the length of each screw as it was fanned out on the temper-screw. In otherwords, Elof knew when the drill would tap the sand. Larry Grogan, possessed of an

trick of his own. It weeked only words which ease, but it brought him rich remail town he walked on the light side of the street.
About the time as well was due to be offlied, Lerry it, the other scott words grown audibly. He would not a second poly poor cost a cup and reallow it on sea-i-lead bottle of laudenum into it. "Core on a near-i-lead bottle of laudenum into it. "Core on the second poly and the second poly and the second poly and the second poly accepted. In a half hour the others would be sound sales, Whether the well use a gasher or not. Lerry

impish sense of Irish humor, had a

Another trick that was used at Red Hot, Cash-Up and Pithole City has been credited to an unknown and Pithole City has been credited to an unknown who owered a merous saddle horse. Usually, he made who owered a merous saddle horse. Usually, he made thing out of his saddle bags, touched it with the glowing end of his cigar, toused it among the other horses. It was a bunch of fire-cruskers, and their explosions set the horses crays. If a few riders logs explosions set the horses crays. If a few riders logs consenting to discourage therm—more firecrsckers. And if there was one

report, collect his fee and depart with the speed of

rider who was persistent, he had a few giant crackers to light and throw in the road.

One idea was the exclusive property of a scout who had been a former employee of the telegraph company. The telegraph was a new device, and the oll industry found it useful. Branch offices were located in dozens of strategic places, and the oil scouts took advantage of this to relay their reports with great speed. This scout operated in a simple manner. He rode a slow horse, and his competitors passed him with yells of derision. But his reports reached town before theirs. He carried a wire-tap outfit with him. When the rival scouts rode out of sight be headed for the nearest telegraph line, made his tap, wired employers in Oil City, War-ren, Titusville or eisewhere. Then he would cut the wires and bilthely ride to the nearest telegraph station where the other scouts were yelling at an operator who tried to explain to them that the wires

were dead. The world's oldest oil field is filled with tales of the weird and almost incredible days of a growing industry. They tell you about a headless rider, for example. He was a tall man, rode a fast horse, and specialized in the fast getaway once the nature of the wildcat well was determined. One of the other scouts stretched a taught fine copper wire between two trees that flanked the road. As usual, the tail man rode away ahead of the pack at a furious pace, erect in the saddle. The wire caught him across the neck, neatly decapitating him. The head roiled in the ditch, and reflexes held him in the saddle, the severed neck gushing blood.

A few times the tables were turned. An oll producer named Carnahan, mulcted several times by oll
scouts and their bosses who had
profited more than he had, decided
on a spot of financial revenge.

It worked like this: He leased some territory at Enterprise; there was an old barn close to the wildcat well which he started to drill. He sent a man named Simpson out to lease all of the territory adja-cent to the well. The land was leased in the name of Simpson, At night he had a 100-barrel wooden tank erected in the barn, filled it with crude oil, hooked the tank up with a buried pipeline directly to the caring head of the wildcat well. The pipeline ditch was carefully covered. Word got out that if this well came in a gusher it would open up a wide expanse of profitable oil

territory.

The well was watched 24 hours a day. When the drill penetrated the pay sand the well proved to be a duster. But Carnahan simply grinned, slerted the driller and tool dresser, turned a throttle to the

hidden tank, and oil started to flow from the easing head in volume. Fires were doused and the men finally managed to cap the well. In the interim, the scouts had ridden hell-for-leather to the telegraph office at Pleasantville to wire in optimistic reports.

In a second with the second was a crowded with the ager least-hounds. Carmaban joined them, which was a crowded with the second was a second with the second was a mysterious manuel as mysterious manuel was to a mysterious manuel was to a mysterious manuel was to a mysterious manuel was a myste

The last piece of property to be sold was the farm on which the wildcat well had been drilled, and the price was a heavy one. The fraud was discovered when the hldden tank was found and those who had invested were indignant, Carnahan coolly reminded them that there was no fraud; that he had never said the well was a gusher, that they had acted entirely on their initiative. It is said he cleaned up \$200,000 on the scheme. Up in Bradford they tell a story of a man named Hitchcross, an oll scout who had fallen flat on a project on which close to a halfmillion dollars was riding. He was in disgrace because he lied.

One day he received a check for \$5,000 and a cryptic note which read "A 25-cent screwdriver is a great invention." Thus he was vindicated of all charges. This is how it happened:

Martin Zuver's right-hand scout was a young man who had performed miracles for Zuver around Cash Up. He was ingenious, his face was guiletes, his manners were good. Above all, he was not known in Bradford, and a minor degree of anonymity had its virtues.

at that time.

The scout rode into Bradford one
day registered as David Hunter.

Zuver tensely outlined the plot. A
test well was being drilled in the
Music Mountain area. It could open
up a great oil field, providing the
well was a good producer.

"That well is being citiled by the Diamond Oil Company," Zuver explained. "They have a scout of their own on the job, chap named Hitch-cross. He's honest and reliable. When the pay sand is drilled he is to report to his boss, a man named Bill Burns right here in this hotel. He will ride in leisurely, do nothing to attract attention or to

create curiosity. The well is carefully guarded. Every scout that has been sent out has returned with some bird shot in him. They are taking no chances. If the well is really big they will lease up all the land for miles."

Hunter chuckled. "Sounds ille a tough nut to crack," he dmitted. "What do you want me to do?" "Outsmare 'en!" Martin Zuwer sof hours notice, we can do it. You've never let me down yet! I'll have my lease hounds waiting. They will have good horses, their pockets will leases. They will be at Corrigan's allow, read to go when the word saloon, ready to go when the word.

Comments has the room next to you. These wails are thin as matchboxes. Listen to everything that is asid. When you get the word, act fast, and if you have to break a few laws, do it. Stroll over to Corrigan's laws, do it. Stroll over to Corrigan's you're book while I'm away. Just ask Corrigan for a glass of Irish whister, and hell tilt pite lads off. No whister, and hell tilt pite lads off. No word and the latter that the result of the latter than the latter

Zuver lossed a roll of bills on the table. He signed a paper, handed it table. He signed a paper, handed the signed as the signed as a limit of the real man out in rout name, be said. "Here is my agreement with you—you get a straight lo percent of what we make on the deal, if we win you'll be independent for the rest of your life. Fair enough?" They shook hands.

Hunter visited a small drug store, took the cieft that his name was Doctor Hammer, just about to locate in Bradford, and that he needed a stethoscope badly. He left with the instrument, dropped in at Corrigan's for a drink, returned to his hotel room, and spent hours with the stethoscope praced against the wall that separated his room from wall that separated his room from

that of Burns.

He smoked an endiess number of clasms and listened attentively. He clasms and listened attentively He heard Burns say that Hitcheross was a stranger to him, but that he had been told to come to Room 55 when the news broke. Hunter went down to the nearest hardware store and bought a 25-cent screwdriver, returned to his room, and was soon

fast askep.

The next night he listened until he heard Burns snoring. He removed his boots, picked up the screwdriver, tip-tood into the hail, and in a matter of minutes the door numerals were transferred. His room was now No. 65, the room occupied by Burns was No. 67.

It was past midnight when he heard steps in the hall. There was an easy knock on his door. The man was mud-splashed, evidently under (Continued on page 46)

WHEN THE GRAVE WAS OPENED



Bhula was buried alive, full of plans to outwit death. But something crept into his crypt, crawling . . . hungry

By DON MacCLURE

MANY YEARS AGO Bhula's great-grandfather had made a reputation which still survives in the Hindu village of Bandra. He had been buried alive before some great sahiba. Rice had been planted above his grave and had blossomed into ear and yellowed to harvest. Not until the rice was ready for cutting had the grave been opened.

The opening took place before the great sahibs, and Bhula's great-grandfather was found alive. It was a great triumph for the tribe, and brought much wealth. People from all parts came to see the wonder and to bring offerings to one who was so favored of the gods.

Time passed and Bhula's great-grandfather became an old man. The trick was now beyond his powers and he began to think of passing it on to others. But none of the members of the other families in the tribe was found to be so gifted. They brought him strong young men, handsome boys and fine babies. He prepared them and made the necessary passes, but without result. Year after year went by and no one was found able to perform the miraculous feat

One day, when the old man's son and grandson were away on one of their tours, performing their tricks and gathering rupees from town to town, a girl of 16 came running into his room. She was the wife of his grandson.

"My son is dead?" she screamed. "Stiff and cold I found him in his bed."

The old man hobbled off to the women's side of the house. The women had already begun their weeping and mourning. He thrust them aside and bent over the small boy. As he examined him a smile creased the old man's face. He stood up and clasped his hands as he whisnered: "The gift! This how has

He passed his hands over the boy's body and it lost its rigidness. Under his touch the child heaved a deep sigh, drew in his breath and opened his eyes, The women stood dooking on in owe and wonder. and one old crope ran out to spread the news through the village. The old man ordered some food to be brought, and when the child had been fed he sent away the women Five minutes later he was leaning over a form that was rigid, and once more, to all anpearances, dead,

Yes it was true The strange power had been restored to the family and his old eyes had lived to see it. He sat by the unconscious boy and watched him for an hour. Then he recalled him to life. The

how set up and rubbed his even The old man smiled, and when his son and grandson came back they were told the great news. The old man showed them many strange things. He gave them careful directions as to how the ears and nostrile were to be stonned with clay how the body was to be clothed how the restorative passes were to be made. He told them about the tomb for incarceration and the care that must be taken in its preparation. Failure in this respect might cost the performer his life.

Then the old man went to his bed and died. He had passed his knowledge to another, and the honor

of his family was preserved.

The young Bhula grew up to strong and lusty manhood, and there came a day when tom-toms drummed and pan-pipes wailed in the village to celebrate his marriage to Nellama

"Lucky Nellama," said a friend. "Bhula has plenty of fine jewels to hang around your neck, and his house is full of brass and copper pots.

"And be has a sworn enemy in Runga," said another girl, "Note Runga's scowling face! It is bloated

with jealousy and disappointment." Into Nellama's eyes came the hint of fear, Runga too had wanted to marry her. She had had nothing

to do with it. for Hindu girls are not consulted when it comes to choosing a husband for them. It was Bhula that Runga hated, and Nellama was afraid. Later in the day, as the wedding procession wound its way slowly through the village, it was met by an official in gorgeous dress, scarlet coat and turban of white and gold. He was only a servant, but the glory of his master's office was reflected in the magnificent trappings of the man. He was the chaprassee -representative-of the Government Commissioner who ruled the province. A great white sabih from America was staying at the illustrious man's bouse. and it had come to the American's ears that Bhula could perform that most wonderful feat of being buried alive. He would honor the poor village with his presence if Bhula would consent to perform for him. Bhula said he would be glad to carry out the Commissioner's request, after receiving a hint about bow much be would get by doing so,

Four days later, the chimeasse appeared again in the village. He looked more important than ever, and his progress was almost royal as he made his way through the crowd of admiring villagers to Bhula's house, "The great man will be here at four o'clock," he said. (Continued on page 47)



I WAS TRAPPED IN TERROR TRENCH

By HOWARD J. BALFOUR

THE BOTTOM OF THE TRENCH I
LAY IN WAS INCHES THICK WITH
A SQUIRMING, REPULSIVE MASS.
I SCREAMED IN PURE HORROR...

I NOW KNOW only too well that I shouldn't have shot the last four elephants, for I had already obtained my quota of ivory. But having been an ivory hunter for years, when I unexpectedly came upon a herd I saw only more ivory and instinctively started shouting. Because of that I lost half my less.

I had been hunting in the vast Sebunwe territory. I had gone into the country with a dozen Sena boys and two large wagens each hauled by 16 oxen. Soon my wagens had grosned with a weight of ivory worth several thousand pounds and I had begun the return journey. Then had come the testes fly. My oxen died. I was now in familiar territory and knew that

some 60 miles south was the small settlement of Napusa. Making camp near water and leaving my boys and wagons there, together with one boy, Makoma, I set out afoot to obtain more oxen, which I would first have inoculated sgainst testes bites. The morning of the third day we came to an area

The morning of the third day we came to an area of rolling land, well treed and with game everywhere. At noon we sat down to kudu steaks and boiled rice. We had covered at least 40 miles and should have reached Napusa the next day.

By mid-afternoon we had come to a more hilly country cut up with ravines. It was then we sighted elephants. Quickly I exchanged my light repeating rifle for my double-barrelled Jefferson. 288 elephant gun which Makoma was carrying. I dropped three bulls and wounded a fourth before the herd thundered away. But the wounded bull did not follow them; instead, he ran behind a hill.

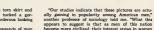
I told Makoma to hide while I tracked down the bull to finish him. But (Continued on page 60)



THE AMAZING **REASONS MEN** LIKE "PAGAN" PIN-UPS

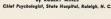
If you have a yen for a wild-looking gal, if you think civilization's veneer rests mighty thin on you-relax, guy -you're normal!

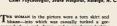
> By ROBERT MINES Chief Psychologist, State Hospital, Ralelah, N. C.



who are almost overwwhelmingly uncivilized." Here are illustrations of what those experts are talking about-some of the most popular photos of the year:

1) a picture of a black-haired, green-eyed Ava Gardner type, with a body so perfect that she obviously get more exercise in a day than the average modern man gets in a week. At the moment all she's wearing is a set of chains, attached to the kind of tree that probably only grows in the Black Forest. She looks so murderous that one would guess she's been put in chains to give her lord and master a temporary respite from her temper. Whoever lets her out of those chains should be prepared to clear out in a hurry.





geous body, a surly frown, and a murderous looking knife Across the country hundreds of thousands of men saved this picture-more, perhaps, than would have

done so had the girl been minus the knife and frown. Scientists who keep tab on shifting trends in the psychology of the American male are so aware of this that they have a name for such pictures.

They call them "pagan" pin-ups.
"The popularity of these pictures is of especially striking significance," says Dr. Rupert Clay, a former University of California sociologist, "because they usually involve women who are mean-eyed, savage, more likely to bounce a rock off a man's head than to favor him with a smile. In short, they are the very opposite of the sweet, docile type of women whom American men have traditionally been taught to revere."



A knife, a frenzied face



A gun, a look of fear



A shot, a face of vengeance

2) a picture of a similar type, with a girl versing an even measure expression but to claiss. This girls loof earlier that a paper of the considerable of the control of the saparently stripped her in the pet that it will make her feel considerably more heipites—but he's neglected to trim her finger nails. They're long and vicious, and she obviously intends to use them on the first man who comes into view. 3) a picture of another dark-haired girl, little more and the dark-haired girl, little more and the dark-haired girl. In the more and the dark-hair girl. In the more and the dark-hair girl.

to use them on the first man who comes into view.

3) a picture of another dark-hard girl, little more
and the state of the state of the state of the state
ing men's scalps. Evidently a Princess of an Indian
riche, most of her clothes have been ripped from
her, but the blood-dripping knife which she holds
in her hand suggests that the man who last tried to
samper with her is now off in some Happy Musting
finish off a few other braves before the sun sets.

4) a picture of a girl who evidently has just been placed on the auction block at a slave sale. The indications are that—despite her physical appeal, which is tremendous—the man who sold her was



Bra. panties, and a hand seeking a knife

acting in the interests of "safety first." The man who buys her may well have his skin scratched from him before even the first night is over. -An outstanding feature of American males' interest

in such pin-ups is that usually they don't show them to the fellows with whom they ordinarily share such pictures, and they don't put them up on any wall. Mostly, as a matter of fact, they store the pictures want in highly secretive feshion.

What makes men ashamed of enjoying this kind of pin-up?

As a matter of fact, what makes so many men intrigued with the "untamed" type of pin-up beauty in the first place? Why do nearly all men develop an unusual interest in such pin-ups at certain intervals? What are the particular features of these pictures that give them special appeal?

The answers to these questions provide startling information indeed on male psychology, on masculine sex life, and—perhaps most of all—on the beneath-the-surface emotions that can play such a decisive role in trouble between the sexes.

The standard pirsup, of course, doesn't fit this pattern. Usually it shows a soman who is so fluidly feminine that you'd scarcely expect her to be able to able to be able to be



A slip, a switch, and-in darkness-scissor blades

from dominance." There need be no doubt in any man's mind that this type of pin-up woman could readily be dominated.

Usually this type of pin-up is a blonde. If she's a brunette, she's ordinarily very young. In no case will she look as though she's over 30, and she'll show few signs of being grossly "experienced." The most popular type of pin-up is the kind of woman who looks as if she doesn't know much yet—but could be terribly easer to learn.

Deviating somewhat from this rule, of course, are a variety of "specialized" pin-ups, intended to capitalize on some outstanding feature of a woman—unusually long hair, for instance, or a Jayne Mansfield butt—but ordinarily they are intended only to sup-



plement the standard pin-up. They are never ex-

pected to replace it.

At the opposite extreme from the yielding blonde type is the "pagan" pin-up—at times almost rivaling it in popularity.

Inside every normal man is, the experts know, at least an element of the savage. In fact, Dr. Sigmund Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, once gave it a name: he called it the "Id." At birth, he said, the savage within us is so decisively in control that our Id unchecked, is responsible for well over 90% of all our behavior.

But as we are subjected to civilizing influences, he added, we develop what is called the Ego-or, in layman's terms, normal restraint, and also the Super-



A bra, a negligee, and a wicked-looking breadknife

ego—which you and I might be apt to describe as our conscience. Just how much the Id will have do do with our adult behavior will depend upon how successfully the Ego and Superego will have taken over. But here is an important point which all experts in human behavior recognize: the Ego and Superego will never entirely control the Id.

This means that with some people, when the Id is particularly strong, definite anti-social behavior may

particularly strong, definite be regularly demonstrated

To guarant the contraction of th

damn please.

These are the kind of men who are apt to have hidden in their desk drawers copies of books bearing such titles as "Savage Lust" or "Jungle Sex."

They're apt to be fascinated by the cheaper movie houses, too—the ones that run the pictures called

"The Naked Truth About Tropic Lust" or "Female Nature."

They're likely to enjoy detouring through their town's honky-tonk region, its tenderloin areas, or

its skid row.

Although apparently completely urbane individuals, they are, in short, persistently interested in the
wilder aspects of life, too. Some of the things they
most often enjoy dreaming about, some of the things
they are most fervently (Continued on page 59)



DEATH

IS A

DEEP

BLACK

HOLE

By ROLAND GRIFFIN

I hit something, hard, then spun over and fell dizzyingly down the bottomless shaft. I awoke in the heart of the mountains---alone. . . .

HUNG AT THE END of the fifty-foot rope and swung there in the absolute darkness of the mine shaft, wondering what would happen if I let go.

Icy water dripped from the rotting timbers above, a chilling rain that heightened the terror of the cold, clammy place. It trickled down the rope, and made

it slippery and even more difficult to hang onto. I kicked at the side of the shaft with my foot, and dislodged a small slide of rubble. I listened intently, and heard the little pebbles bounce from side to side, down, down for what seemed like endless

time.

Then came the echo of a tiny splash. It was the bottom, somewhere down there in the awful blackness of the old abandoned mineshaft in the bowels of Squaw Mountain There came a sudden, frightened cry from above.

It was Gary Proctor, my roommate who had joined me in this crazy expedition.

"Ron!" Gary's voice was high-pitched, odd. "The rope! It's breaking!" I felt a chill grip me, deeper than the chill of

the subterranean air that pressed clammily around me, with the touch of death. "Don't joke, Gary," I called up the shaft. "This is

no fun. There's something wrong down here!" I knew Gary well. A serious fellow, but with a sense of humor. Maybe he just wanted to engage in banter, to ease the tension. And then, maybe he

meant it . . "No. Ron!" Gary called, insistently. "A strand

snapped! It's not safe!" The rope was a good inch thick, but it was hemp, not nylon, not recommended for mountain climbing, or for spelunking, cave exploring. It was all we had-I'd looped the lower end around my body and knotted it to make a sling. The other end was wound

around a ladder lying across the shaft's mouth. As a precaution, Gary and three other friends held the loose end. Gary and I had discovered the old shaft in the

Buckeley Mine, and we were anxious to show it off to the others, George Warford, George Wright and Iim Bolin. Exploring hidden places was a hobby. something to take our minds off work on weekends. We'd made the 45-minute climb up Squaw Peak

to the entrance of a lateral tunnel, one of many that honevcomb the face of the mountainside, not far

from Provo, Utah.

We'd carried the rope as an afterthought, as we hadn't planned on a descent into abandoned shaft. In fact, we hadn't known it was there before. Already we'd explored hundreds of yards of ancient tunneling, where forgotten miners had burrowed for copper, silver, lead, gold,

It had been necessary to worm our way back into this new tunnel on our bellies. The old shoring timbers had rotted, collapsed. Damp, foul air oozed out of the blackness. It was dangerous to go in, but it offered a thrill, excitement. We abandoned caution

and went ahead.

We'd come across historic relics . . . an old miner's pick . . . a coal oil lamp . . . evidence of the oncebusy activity of the mining district that hummed when the railroad from Salt Lake City made Provo an ore shipping point back in '73.

Gripping our flashlights, we'd wormed our way back into the heart of the mountain, where the stillness of death was punctuated only by the drip of water from subterranean streams.

That alone should have been a warning to get out. Trickling water can loosen great chunks of earth and send it crashing to the floor of the tunnel, to crush the life from a careless intruder.

I swung at the end of the rope and wondered if I should go back up. I'll admit to a sense of foolhardiness. To go back would be "chicken." I swung sideways again and touched the wall of the shaft with my foot once more and listened to the patter of small stones burtling downward, into the inky blackness below.

I shone my flashlight downward, to examine the top of a slippery, rotting ladder some ten feet below me. It was fastened to the side of the shaft, and

it had seemed like a good idea to try and reach it

and follow it down. I'd expected the ladder to lead to a lower level that might contain other hidden treasurers, relics of another day. It was a challenge, and now I had to decide quickly whether to continue toward it or

go back up. The rope suddenly ierked, and I shot the flash upward. I saw the faces of the other four men, white against the blackness around them, staring down at

me, But I wasn't looking at their faces. I was looking at the rope.

With a feeling of horror, I saw the frayed ends where one of the four strands had parted, as Gary had warned me it had. He hadn't been kidding. As I looked, I saw another strand part, and felt

the taut rope shudder and stretch another inch. And then, just as I started to climb frantically upward,

the last strand snapped.

I felt a sudden sickness in the pit of my stomach as that group of faces shot upward, into the awful blackness. I struck something, hard, and spun over, and then I felt my head crush against the side of the deep, black shaft. Unconsciousness blotted out the rest of the dizzy, sickening fall down that seem?

ingly bottomless shaft . . I heard an odd buzzing in my head, and a dull hammering of blood pounding through my brain. For a moment, I could not remember where I was, and then I grasped the idea that I was alive, and

I clung to that. There was an oppressive silence in the velvet blackness. There was an awful cold, and pain stabbing

through my body at a dozen places

I moved my hands and legs, and found that they miraculously were not broken, I reached up and touched the back of my head. My probing fingers found a gaping hole, and when I poked a finger inside, it was wet and sticky, but there was only a dull pain.

I ran my fingers over my face. It felt swollen, but there was only a numb ache there too. I touched my lower lip. It was torn loose, and hung down, a

flap of loose flesh, torn nearly off.

I groped around beneath me for the flashlight. I found it, underneath my back, smashed ludicrosuly flat. I touched the rope, and coiled it on top of the rocks and broken timbers of the ladder and sat on it and tried to think clearly.

I did not know how long I had been there, at the bottom of that black shaft, deep within the heart of (Continued on page 54) the mountain, alone.



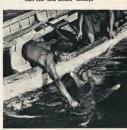
CATCH A SHARK WITH YOUR BARE HANDS



Samoan native holds water rattle to lure shark. Friend has lasso ready.



Fish guts dangle overside to get shark near these oceanic "cowboys."



As shark skims past, Samoan loops the noose over the beast's vicious head.



With fish guts as "leader," shark greedily swims alongside the boat, pokes his ugly snout into the rope that will kill him.

American fasherman are noted for the victors ways in which they claim to be able to extic the firmy desistence of say, and the control of the



INSIDE A DESERT HAREM (Continued from page 17)

Fara spent hours every night preparing for her master, using all her ingenuity to make each night a new experience, varying her dress and her perfume and even her method of greeting her master.

method of greeting her master. Life was perfoct, and as Para saw Life was performed to the property of the pro

But Fara had forgotten how easily she had become the favorite of the harem. The oil derricks brought no marble palace, they brought new concubines, each more lovely than the one before, each more skillful in the infinite vari-

Weeks now went by when Fara did not see the tall Taureg, weeks she spent practicing her arts by herself, mentally perfecting her techniques and positive every night that he would ask for Fara. But every night Fara alept alone.

And a woman cannot live forever without love when love is the only reason she is alive, filling her thoughts day and night until she can think of nothing else but the steel bands that are the arms of her master and the fight hardness

that is his belly.

The other girls left Fara alone.

They, too, had been through the torment she was suffering. They knew what it was to have been the favorite and to be discarded, living only with memories. But for Fara.

memories were not enough. She turned her charms on one of the gardeners, a young slave who should have known better. She met should have known better. She met cleaning the pool. She had thought the garden was deserted—it usually was this late in the afternoon, now that she was no longer the favorite—and she wore only a thin, trunch parent, gown that revealed more

The gardener looked up, startled, then scared. He knew what would happen if he were caught alone with one of the master's harem, even for a moment. Yet he couldn't tear his eyes away from the beauty of her magnificent figure, standing there like a goddess in a dream, turned so the sun outlined and highlighted every contour of her body.

He tried to move away, but she reached out and took him by the arm and led him to a corner of the garden near the wall where no one would disturb them. This was a delicious revenge, and it gave her an opportunity to put into practice all the things she had learned since she had jost favor.

she had lost invor. Every day the gardener swore he would never come back, so great was his fear of being discovered. He tried to tell her of the pumiliar control her years of the land the product her could be produced to the country of the land had been described by the country of the land had been dead to the country of the land had been dead to the country of the land had been dead to the country of the land had been dead to th

Fara, ioo, must have known it would happen sooner or later. Her visits to the garden became so requiar they aroused suspicion, and the change in her manner confirmed it. One of the enumeth, fixanely jealous of anyone who could enjoy the one experimene in life he could not be compared to the country of the

He watched them greet each other, watched them embrace and remove their clothes and embrace again. When they were oblivious to everything around them, he uncolled his whip and brought it down with all his force on their naked bodies.

With the first blow he became a madman, disabling with the strength of a giant and sending them screaming around the garden, runscreaming around the garden, runscreaming around the schools. The part of that terrible whip tearing has the very skin from their bodies. The perverted mind of the eunuch made him hate the gardener with a hate him hate the gardener with a hate the poor boy lay in more, do do book and adverting heap as the blows rained quivering heap as the blows rained

down on him.

Then the enuch turned on Fara, beating her with gleeful ferocity. The whip laced around her body, cutting her breasts and drawing blood with every stroke, ripping into her tender belly and leaving it bleeding with a criss-cross of crimson gashes.

In a few moments she too fell unconscious and quivering beside the body of her lover, the smoothness of her alabaster body ruined forever with wounds that would never heal, except in scars that would cover her entire body forever and brand her as unfaithful. The garden filled rapidly now

with the palace guard and other eunuchs and concubines, and soon the Taureg appeared to take charge.

charge.

He listened for a moment to the story of debauchery told in every lurid, lascivious detail by the eunuch. Then he spat on Fara and turned away as she regained consciousness. "Throw them into the streets," he said, and to Fara it was the voice of death.

Naked and punniless, with scarcely an junch of her skin not bleeding, she would die a death of starration and infection. Fara three herself at his feet. Mercy, in the name of the star of the star of the star He had mercy. He kielde her in the head so hard she passed out. When Fara swoke it was night, and she was lying in the street beside her lover. Their hands were tied to each other's feet, and they lucky. They died before morning

CONFESSIONS OF A GIGOLO (Continued from page 19)

where they lay-two slaves in a

land where human life is the

The next night another older woman, Martha, asked me to have a drink with her. As we sat in a booth she simpered:

"How would you like to have a drink up in my suite, Freddie?" I hesitated, appraising her. She was all of 50 and the strain on her girdle must have been terrific. "What's wrong?" she bridded. "I know I'm twice your age, but I'm well-preserved, aren't I'?" "Of course." I smilled, turning on

"Of course." I smiled, turning on the charm. "You're an exceptionally attractive woman, Martha." "Oh, you dear, dear boy!" she gushed, getting to her feet. "Shall we go?"

we go?"
We went, and when I finally left
I was another \$100 richer.
But the very next night I learned
that everything would not be
smooth salling. I danced one number with a really cute redhead in
her late thirties. A divorcee.

After the dance we had a drink. She then excused herself to go to the powder room. As she left a greasy-haired, sallow-faced guy sild into her seat. I had sized him up from the first as a fortune-hunter.

"Listen, guy," he said out of the side of his mouth. "Margaret's my game, see? I've been making a play for her for a long time; spent lots of dough on her. So you lay off." "And If I don't?" I asked. He leaned across the table, his eyes mean.
"I got pals, playboy." he said, "and you got looks. Okay. If you get your face kicked in you're finished, huh?"

I am six foot, 180 pounds, and have always kept myself in good physical trim, but that wouldn't do me much good against a mob of pub-uglies who'd probably use brass knucks.

"There's plenty of other dames," sallow-face reminded.
"Yes," I nodded. "Maybe you're right. But listen, brother. If you try to horn in on any of my partners, then I'll take you apart single-

handed."
"Fair enough."

He went away.
Just the same, I had learned something. From then on I was careful not to poach on the other fellow's preserves.
But most of them were playing it differently, especially the older

men. They were out to go through a form of marriage with one of these wealthy women, clean them out entirely and then fade But the women thus regarded as fair game were not altogether fools. Love-starved and man-hungry most of them undoubtedly were, but they were also man-wise. Consequently, as in my case there never was even a hint of marriage, I found myself becoming increasingly popular Furthermore, as a concession to my pride and self-respect. I never made a direct charge never tried to wheedle large sums of money out of my companions, or, in fact,

ever even mentioned money.

Consequently, once or twice I received only \$25, but for the most
part I found \$100 or more in a pocket.

One night, after a session with
an extatle, half-tight and lovecrazed woman. I found \$500 dollars.

in my jacket pocket when I returned to my hotel room. By now I was regarding my bank account with appreciative eyes and wondering just how long the racket would last. Until the end of the season. I housed By then I would

have a worthwhile stake.

But it didn't last that long.

That night I was in Marian's apartment. We were not what you'd call fully dressed. Shortly after midnight the phone rang.

"Why, hello Jack!" Marian said into the mouthplece. "Why, I can

hear you as plainly as if you were here, instead of in New York.
"I am here," came so sharply I overheard it. "I'm downstairs and I'm coming right up."
"Oh, but---" Marian jerked erect, staring at me terrifiedly. "But, Jack, how?"

staring at me terrifiedly. "But, Jack, how?"
"I'm here, I tell you," came roughly, "and I'm coming right up." "Oh, God!" Replacing the receiver Marian jumped to her feet, clutching me and staring into my face. "My husband! I thought..." "Husband?" I froze, staring incredulously. This was a new angle. "Why, you..." Fushing her away I! started thinking hurriedly. "Stall him until I'm down the fire ex-

"But he has a key," Marian whispered frantically, staring wildly around her as if seeking some

means of escape.

And then we both jumped, turning startled faces towards the door as it opened and a big man entered.

"What the—" He pulled up short, gaping, then slowly took it all in.

"What the..." He pulled up short, gaping, then slowly took it all in. The bottles, glasses and other telltale signs. Lifting his sultcase high over his

head, he fluing it at me. I ducked and it went through a window with a crash of shattering glass. And then we were really fighting. Although Marian's husband was bigger than I, he was fishby. I had the edge of youth and physical fitsory for the poor guy what a shock to pay his wife a surprise visit and to find her with another

But I now had to knock him out so that I could get away. His wind was his chief weakness, so I drove plenty of fists into his midriff. I finished with a smashing uppercut that laid him out cold.

All the time Marian had been fluttering around us, crying and sobbing hysterically.

"Oh, Freddiel" she pleaded as I began straightening out my clothes.

"Now you must take me away with you. When he comes to he'll kill

"And maybe you deserve it," I snapped. "You told me you were a widow. You double-crossed me with your widow talk. But you're safe. He'il spend the next two or three days in bed. That gives me a chance to get well away, and for you to work on him for his forgiveness."

I took a plane to Honolulu that noon. There I found about the same preponderance of lonely, well-to-do women, love-starved and manhungry, and bent on having a last

They eagerly noted the arrival of any unattached male, and even that first evening in the hotel dining-room I caught several of them sizing me up.

In turn, I appraised them and thought over the whole matter carefully. I didn't want to go on like this indefinitely. At long last I was beginning to tire of just playing around; was now beginning to feel that I'd like some really solid business that would return a good, honest and decent living.

I know about what such a business would cost and I realize I could never hope to acquire such a large sum working for wages. But I can make money quickly and easily at my new-found occupation. So, until I have the amount of money I want, I'm remaining a gigolo.

ONLY A FEW GOOD SCOUTS (Continued from page 30)

great strain. Hunter pulled him into the room. "I'm Burns," he said. "Keep your voice down. I am surrounded by people who sleep with their ears open. You are Hitchcross?"

The man nodded, whispered the news excitedly. "The well's the biggest damned thing since Pit Hole." he said. "They just got her capped when I left."

Hunter nodded. "We will play these cards close to the vest! Don't leave this room until I return and tell you it's safe. Help yourself to the liquor, undress and take a nap. You've done a good job."

Hunter slipped on his boots and a coat. He sild the screwdriver in his pocket, shook hands with the mud-splashed man and left. Outside the room, he replaced the number plates on the right doors, strolled down stafts," walked serenely to to Corrigan's saloon, shouldered up to the bar.

"Glass of Irish whiskey, Mister Corrigan," he said somewhat loudly, "A double jolt, sir! As he sipped the liquor, he noticed that Corrigan had winked at a man at the other end of the bar. Before the drink was consumed, a dozen men had quietly left the premises.

Zuver's men signed up lease on all of the property surrounding the capped-in gusher while Mr. Burns enjoyed a night of sound and rest-ful sleep. That afternoon, a bleary-littlehornes staggered out of Room 67, blurted his news to Burns. Burns sent out his lesses hounds, but knew they were too late. Hitcherous instead that he had obeyed orders: come to Room 87, folds man who come to Room 87, folds man who drunk some whiskey and gone to drunk some whiskey and gone to drunk some whiskey and gone to

"You idiot, I'm Burns! This is Room 67. You are a swindler, sir, a damned skunk!"

Hitchcross protested, but couldn't prove that he had been loyal. A month later he received the check for \$5,000 and the cryptic note that said that a screwdriver was a great invention.

WHEN THE GRAVE WAS OPENED (Continued from page 3.2)

The news spread, reaching the utility and steady flow of visitors came into utility and the steady flow of visitors came into the steady of th

Hindu women do not dine with their husbands, and because Neilama's mind was uneasy she drew the edge of her sard over her head and slipped out into the field, intending the new states of the control of the now that the workmen had gone, and before the signitaters began to arrive. As she passed behind the cackup hedge that divided her little arrive as since we will have away from away somenow walking away from

the grave, It was Runga, She waited till he was out of sight, then hurried to the edge of the grave. She neered into it and saw nothing but bare walls smooth with freshly-plastered mortar, It was like a large box and perfectly empty. There could be no room for suspicion there, surely, with the midday sun shining down into its depths, illuminating every lnch of space. Her fears subsided and she sat down by the vault, determined not to leave it again until Bhula's father arrived. She saw her husband come out of his house and look round for her. But she knew that he did not really want her. It is not the custom for a Hindu to be seen chatting with his wife in broad daylight. So she sat there.

patiently keeping guard. The crowd gathered during the afternoon, and after looking at the grave the people sat down and waited for the procession. It came from the village with the usual accompaniment of tom-toms and horns, and all the village seemed to be in its wake. The central figure was that of Bhula, dressed in white and gold and adorned with garlands of oleander flowers. He was carried on the shoulders of his tribesmen and brother conjurers. The Commissioner and the tall grey-haired American, followed by two native policemen, walked apart. deep in conversation. When they reached the grave they were invited to examine anything they pleased. This they did, especially the American, who climbed into the grave and tapped its sides. He found the grave to be nothing but what it with unburnt brick walls and floor. All eyes were fixed upon Bhula's father as he began the mysterious rite of putting his son to sieep. The chattering of the crowd stopped for the crowd stopped or the conductive of the crowd stopped or the crowd stopped or the crowd stopped conductive or the conductive of the crowd stopped conductive or the crowd stopped or the crowd stopped conductive or the crowd stopped or the crowd stopped conductive or the crowd stopped conduc

and there was complete silence.
"What are you doing?" asked the
American, leaning forward.
The conjurer made no secret of
his work.

"See, your bonor, I place these small pellets of clay in my son's ears and these in his nostrils." He made a few passes and Bhush's eyes and features became fixed. The confuser opened his son's mouth and turned back the tongue so that it formed a stopping to the that it formed a stopping to the confuser of the confus

no response.

The Commissioner started. He was new to his post, but none knew better how small a value is sometimes put upon human life.

"Wake him!" he ordered.

Bhula's father hesitated. "My son lives," he said confidently.
"Perhaps, but you will wake him."

Baluctantly the father removed.

"Pernaps, but you will wake him."
Reluctantly the father removed
the pellets and drew back the
tongue from his son's throat. Bhula
began to breathe softly and regularly like a child in its sleep.
"Shall I wake him?" the father

"No, you may finish the performance," said the Commissioner. The pellets were replaced and the body resumed its death-like appearance. Neilama's vague fears were allaytons for closing the tomb with relief and pride. Never a doubt reased her mind of the power of Bhulia to return to life when his father commanded him to do so.

But unseen to the watchful eyes of Nellanas, on the morning of the of Nellanas, on the morning of the property of the property

Suddenly it turned and left the body, making straight for the hole by which it had entered—a hole cunningly bored through the unburnt brick and the plaster into the soft earth beyond. Hours passed and nothing moved within the living grave. At midnight two slender horns were pushed through the tunnel, and the pioneer descended the wall along its old track. It had carried its message to the countless hordes of its own kind, and legion upon legion of ants followed in its

Perhaps the suspended soil of Perhaps the suspended soil of Bhula saw it all. Perhaps, agoutsingly, it strove to speak or to move that mortal form through which before it had found the means to express emotion, to feel earthly pleasure and pain. One shake of the hand, one thrust of the foot and the advancing hordes would panic

and rush from the grave.

But the soul was powerless. On streamed the torrent in an ever-increasing flood, till it grew to a vast seething mass. Purther and further, stealthily and nervously crept the pioneer of the band till once more it stood before the sight-less evere.

On the morning of the appointed day for opening the grave, Runga passed her in the village street. There was a grim smile upon his face that she did not understand. Many people gathered to see the opening of the grave Men with

samp people gathered to see the opening of the grave. Men with some charged to remove the opening of the grave that the opening of the grave that the card was given, he and the American could be seen that the top-soll had not been disturbed and that there had been no trick-ery. "By all the laws of nature," said the Americah, 'this man ought said the Americah, 'this man ought so the card of the card

At the signal, the men set to work. The sione was bared, the mortar chipped away, and the heavy shall evered up. The American Compared to the second into the grave and he was seen dinto the grave and he was seen dinto the grave and he was seen dinto the grave and he was seen to be a strange to the seen of the seen of

A skeleton lay at their feet. Bhula had met with the one dread fate that is so much feared by all the Hindu magicians and conjurers who practice this art. He had been eaten by ants. Not a shred of flesh was left on his bones.

pair from Bhula's father.

Later his young wife reproached herself bitterly for failing to detect the hole so cunningly bored. She did not know that there had been no hole when she had examined the grave. Runga had plugged it with sweetened rice flour, knowing well that no creature on earth would discover it—except an anti

TRAIL OF THE DEATH DOG (Continued from page 13)

up and dressed and the stiffening chill out of my bones I made plans. I made a small bundle of food and stepped out to the main trail, planning to follow it straight in to Fort Egbert. Signs in the snow suddenly changed my mind.

As plain as the dirty stain on my blood-soaked parks were the tracks that told me the robbers were heading for the coast, but, what was more important, the dogs were not working efficiently. At least they hadn't when they pulled out. Instead of striking off for Fort Egbert I followed along the trail back to the glacies.

For a few minutes I studied the crowding, irregular prints of the dogs' feet. The team had been hitched up wrong.

Closer observation told me that Closer observation told me that Mamaloose want's working in the lead, and that was going to mean lead, and that was going to mean before long. Unless they appeared to be very familiar with my string they wouldn't know how to line up the dogs. Mamaloose want't the kind to give up the lead without an arxument.

Then something down the trail caught my syn. I struck off to investigate, and guessed what it was even before I reached the spot.

The two-foot rut was broken by a trampied area where a fight had taken place. The snow was dotted with red spots, and there were little tults of hair scattered about. There were tracks of the men, and a plain imprint of an elbow where one of them had fallen down.

I dropped to my knee and saw that two of the does had been injured in the fight, and that two others were imming. I figured they were the ones that had been hurt on the glacler the day before. Something else brightened me vu. Something else brightened me vu. There were red spots that had fallface were red spots that had fallrunners after the sled had passed. One of the robbers had been in-

Further on, there was evidence of another fight, and the marks where a dog had been dragged before he was able to regain his feet. Couldn't those fools see that they had the team hooked up wrone? What were they going to do—kill off my whole string?"

By the time I reached the glacler I was shaking with rage. Long scratches on the glare spots where the steep lee river rose abruptly from the valley floor were stained with frozen blood. My heart hurt as I thought of the toeralis being torn off the feet of my willing dogs. I nibbled at a piece of frozen moose steak and pounded on. A for a moment. Then a thick dump of trees shut it out again. Luck! They were stopping at the relief cabin. I crept silentity ahead. Luck! this particular cabin. The be shie

to allp up and see if there was a gun on the sled by the door.

It took me only a second to find out that the entire load had been moved halds. Ourstaining my lack but to a corner of the cabin, hidden from the dogs. With my good hand I worked some of the moss chinking loose from the logs. As a pencil work of the control of the cabin, hidden the control of the cabin, hidden the cabin the cabin that the cabin

In one corner a rusty iron stove glowed. One of the two bunks against the back wall was piled with duffle and the mail bags. The man with the iean black stubbleface sat on the other, going through letters which he took from one of the sacks beside him.

The other man sat at a table, also reading mail. I could see the muzzles of two rifles and recognized one as my own. They were leaning, handy to either man, against the wall between the table and the bunk.

and the distinct of the A chill shook me from bead to foot. After the exercise of hurrying along the trul, the cold now cept; rapidly into my bones. Squinting through the hole and the sagain I saw that the man at the anglin I saw that the man at the thind the same and the moreashin top. I solved back at the moreashin top. I solved back at high prixity. Then keeping the cabin high prixity. Then keeping the cabin hetween myself and the dogs, I

interest out into the thick times.

A chorus of santis presenter, approach. I spoke softly to the team. They all quieted except Manalosse, who kept growling. I from the open door spisshed behind me. If dropped into the snow behind a sengaly bush as a figure appeared at the corner of the cabin.

A deep voice three angry curse at the dogs as the man peered about. Then he went back inside. With every muscle tightened I stepped quickly to Mamaloose and a stepped quickly to Mamaloose and was crouched ready to spring, but the soft voice and reassuring pat on the head brought him to his feet. He stood with his nose out-threut and almost waged his human to be seen to be supported to the stood with his nose out-threut and almost waged his human considerable with the stood with his nose out-threat and almost waged him and a support of the stood with his nose out-threat was not the stood with his nose out-threat was not the stood with the stood

if he had a master

I unsnapped his chain from the state and crept with him to the corner of the cabin outside, where control of the cabin cutside, where my square of bark, I used the projections of the logs at the corner for a ladder and climbed to the slopting food. Reaching over to where the yard of five-inch stovepipe stack through, I jammed the bark over its top, jumped back down, and led Mamaloose back to down, and led Mamaloose back to

the window. I heard a choking cough from inside, which told me that the first step of my plan was working. More coughing, and then I heard one of the men ask what was the matter with the stove. They shuffled the stove of the men ask what was the matter with the stove. They shuffled ready for action. I reached down and patted Mamaloose's wide head. The door was thrown open vio-

and patted Mamaloose's wide head. The door was thrown open violently and the two stumbled out, choking for breath in the open air, coughing the smoke from their lungs. Stepping back, I pressed my good right shoulder against the filmsy window-frame. It crashed inwards and fresh air surged into the cabin. My right arm lifted Mamaloose and showed him through a could be a fast as the could.

When the two men ran back inside the cabin I was waiting for them with a loaded rifle in my hands. Their gaze shifted from me to the crouching death dog. "Watch 'em!" I ordered, and Ma-

malouse let out a snari. "The dog's trained to kill," I added, "and he'll have you by the throat if you move." I wasn't sure that what I had said was the truth, but from the look on the faces of the two thugs I knew my threat had gone home.

"Get up on that bunk with the mail: bags," I snapped. "Crowd down into the corner and stay there." The two obeyed, hugging the cabin wall to keep away from the death dop's tows.

Pain lanced through me as is shifted the rife to the crook of my injured left arm. I wouldn't have been able to puil the trigger with my left hand, but it was essential that I should make the other rife harmless. I stipped the bolt out and threw it through the smashed window into the snow. Then I helped myself from the

pot of beans which was on the table, trying to cover up the fact that one of my arms was practically useless. But I didn't foot the two outlaws. The dark robber—the one who had fired on me and left me for dead—suddenly dropped from the bunk and lunged for my left arm. He got no further than Mamalones.

His face turned white with fear and pain and he screamed as the dog's fangs shredded his shoulder and upper arm. Mamaioose had al-

jured!

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growing claims.
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City & State.

ready worked up a fine hate for the men who had deprived him of the lead spot. Foor distorted the robber's face

as he scrambled back behind his buddy on the bunk. Mamaloose's growls dared him to try it again. The arrival of the Salt Water mail at Fort Report the following morning certainly caused a sensation. Somebody saw my outfit as it turned by the bank and let out a shout that brought everybody into the street. More dead than alive. I clung weakly to the handlebars of my sled, and atop the mail and duffie rode all my dogs except one. The big dark grey death dog marched beside the load.

The two thugs, so deadbest that they could hardly stand, were towing the sled with bridles of lash rope that ran under their arms and behind their necks, They threw fear-twisted glances at Mamaloose as the crowd kept them from going ahead. Their clothing was torn and bloody.

Dave Wright, manager of Port Egbert bank, peered into their haggard faces and then turned to me. "Those men held up my bank a week ago and shot my head teller. They used to work in the mine here. They were after the \$5,000 you're carrying with your mail for bonus pay-right?"

"All I know," I growled, "was that they tried to grab my mail and blow holes in me. They crippied my does and I figured it would be a swell idea to put them in harness and give the team a ride."

"You're hurt. Let's get you to a doctor ' "Not until Mamaloose here gets the best feed in town. Best dog in

Alaska, old Mamaloose!"



slender. Each man wore an armored vest. But there was something wrong. I didn't get it at first, but

then it dawned on me. The men carried rifles and a lot of Browning automatic rifles That was okay. What shook me up was the fact there wasn't a light machine gun or bazooka or 60-millimeter mortar anywhere!

I knew it was a breach of frontline etiquette, but I had to find out why. I swallowed once or twice.



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"How-how come no heavy stuff?" I stammered. Esposito's grin be-

came a leer. "That junk slows the boys down. They like to work fast. I have a hell of a job making some of them carry rifles. Look!" He barked something to his men. Each one reached down to his belt and hauled out a knife honed to razorsharnness

"See? That's what they prefer. The Chinese are afraid of steel. We usually give them a lot of lt!" We shoved off after a short-entirely too short for my taste-barrage kicked up a dust-cloud on our objective. We'd gone less than 300 yards past our own wire when the Rack started throwing everything they had at us.

We have time-before they really get on target," my "guide" velled to me. "No need to duck-yet!" The other platoon ran into the first bunker. Lt. Esposito signalled his men to drop and lay down a base of fire until the obstacle was cleared. I ground out a few feet of film-and then I set the camera

down What I was watching was impossible-but the Filipinos were doing it. Two men calmly crawled forward under the curtain of fire their buddles were tossing out. A few feet from the bunker, they stood up and the fire shifted to both sides of them

Casually, unhurriedly, the greenclad figures sauntered to the nearest embrasure. They pulled the pins on several grenades, held themand shoved them into the bunker! A split-second later, one of them caught a bullet in the throat and rolled away from the firing-port. The other man flattened himself and waited for the explosions. The blasts were dull and muffled. Puffs of smoke seemed to hiccup out of the embrasures

I wanted to turn around and run. wanted to haul my tail back to the relative safety of the MLP. There I would no longer feel alone. a sitting-duck target for the Chi-

Another bunker lay squarely in our path. Our advance slowed and stopped. Serafino Esposito saw It-

and claimed it for himself and for "Stay here!" he commanded me. "We'll take care of the putang ina cila." "Sons of whores," he called the Reds, lapsing into his native Tagalog in his eager excitement He yelled to his men in a weird

mixture of English, Spanish and Tagalog. Six or seven Filipinos scrambled forward. Two never made it to the bunker. One took a burst squarely in the groin-just below his armored vest. He was dead before the impact of the slugs smashed him

to the ground.

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to are educationally feet that pround and rediched fitted ledo e frame of almostated cylentin. Trail odd to year backs, and, for reaching purpose

leg. He fell, rolled, got to his knees. The pin was already out of the grenade in his fist. He threw itmore as a gesture of defiance than anything else - before flonning limply in the dirt The others made it. Only God-

or the gods of war-know how. but they did. They stuffed and crammed their grenades into the firing-ports. They shouted and howled when the bunker rocked and shook from the force of the

bursting high explosives. I was hypnotized by what I was

seeing—and only half-believing. I forgot the heavy camera slung over my shoulder—forgot why I was there. There was contagion in the Filipinos' madness, I leaped up and ran for the bunker. The Evemo swung at the end of the webbed strap and banged cruelly into my

I'd gotten more than halfway when I stopped stock-still. A sudden surge of vammering fear closed down over me. My mouth was open and the fear became terror lancing nainfully through every fiber in my body. I was only dimly aware of Lt. Esposito as he came out from behind the bunker and angled toward

The rising shrick of the incoming shell triggered my tensed and colled muscles I threw myself flat and pressed my face and flesh against the stones

Yeah, Serafino Esposito, Lieutenant, Philippine Army, a man I out-weighed by at least 50 pounds, had to help me to my feet. "Come on, 'Hollywood,' " he said.

"We got a long way to go-" And the knife in his hand was red with April 5, 1952. Chorwon. Five Chi-

nese to every Filipino. The Reds deep in their bunkers and pill-boxes with their artillery and mortars and machine guns shooting up every inch of the landscape Pacing them, daring them to come out and fight-two battered

platoons from the 20th Battalion Combat Team Sixty little men with their silly pop-guns and their knives . . . How do you describe incredible

sanity? How can you describe a butcher shop in hell and little brown men whose heroism makes them ten feet tall? I can't. I can only tell of what I saw and heard and felt . .

"Madmen! Goddam madmen!" I called them. They needed almost an hour to

reduce the odds against them from five-to-one to three-to-one and then bring them down to where they stood man-to-man. It was an hour during which every second was filled with death. It was an ad-



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vance in which every step was through the enemy's blood They hacked and stabbed and slashed their way. As if they were hacking a trail through their native jungles with their bolos, they chopped their way through flesh and

bone. They didn't wine their blades. Blood covered their hands and arms and splattered and stained their clothing. Often it was their own

Lt. Esposito was far ahead of me. working over a pillbox with WF grenades. I'd ducked behind a shattered tree. My hands were slimy with sweat. I found it difficult to open my camera. I wanted to change rolls. I'd managed to take only two rolls since we began-and that included what I'd exposed in

the assembly area. I had my head down, checking the seating of the sprocket holes. I pushed the shutter plate home and ran off a foot or two of leader.

I replaced the door The Red must have remained hidden when the assault line swept beyond his fox-hole. He came out of it now. He was either crazed of doped. A white froth bubbled out of his mouth and drooled down his chin. He babbled and grunted like a rabid animal. There was a burp-gun in his hands.

I dropped my camera and reached for my holstered 45. The Red saw me. His eyes were wild. He triggered his weapon. Bullets stitched into the earth inches from my body. One tore into the Evemo and spun It around. I had my .45. I raised it-and

It came out of his chest and his face twisted into a mask of agonized disbellef. The knife wiped itself clean as it was shoved through the thick layers of the quilted uniform. It glinted metallically and blood spread and soaked the pad-

I saw it as though it were a tableau. The Chinese soldier was a statue frozen and transfixed by a knife thrust through his back Slowly, like a wax figurine melting in front of a fire, he began to collapse. His legs buckled and he fell forward, the blade that protruded from his chest pulling free as he fell.

"Okay, Sarge?" The Filipino soldier threw me a mock salute. He hesitated only long enough to assure himself that I was unhurt-and he scampered away to

join his buddles stared disconsolately at the wreck of my camera and picked myself un and followed him. The little brown men were almost finished with their work. They had not been ordered to hold the objective-only to assault the hill harass the foe, kill as many as they could and attempt to bring back prisoners

Esposito and his men were blowing up Chinese ammunition and bunkers. They set their charges carefully and the Chinese defenses and supplies that remained went up in boiling fountains of smoke

and flame The Filipinos had taken eight prisoners-twice as many as the 45th Division, the outfit to which the 20th was attached-had hoped to get. Lt. Esposito's platoon had three of the Red prisoners in tow. They came along meekly. Their eyes bugged in terror at the bolos their captors carried. "Let's beat it," the officer called

to me. "Before there's a counterattack." They went as though they were strolling through Central Park and the enemy looked strangely out of

By God, there was contagion in their madness. As I trailed after them, I found that I was moving like that, too-as though I was taking a morning stroll!

DEATH IS A DEEP BLACK HOLE (Continued from page 41)

I wondered suddenly about the others. I looked up, but saw no light. Maybe they'd all gone away and left me, thinking I was dead Maybe there had been another accident at the top. Maybe the roof of the tunnel had collapsed under the jar of my falling, crushing the lives from the four men up there. In sudden panic, I screamed at the top of my lungs, and heard the noise oddly muffled as it echoed up the shaft. There came a cuick answer, and then a tiny point of light shone far above me. "Ront You all right?"

It was George Warford. The panic suddenly flooded away. I was not alone. There was hope "I guess so!" I shouted. "Are the

others there?" "Gary and Jim went for help. You've been down there almost half an hour. We've only got one flashlight, and we're saving it."

I felt dizzy and leaned back against the side of the shaft, only four feet wide at the bottom, too narrow to lie down in. I'm over six feet tall, and I wondered how it was I crashed down to the bottom without being killed. "Shine the light down." I called

The pinpoint of light high above me flicked on again. It seemed to





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In the dull glow of the flash, I found my coat, lying near me, where it had been ripped from my body as I feli, to drop after me to the bottom. I was shaking with a sudden chill, and I struggled to get the cost on.

The feeling of panic began re-turning as I sat there shaking in the damp bottom of the pit, and I called out to Warford again, to hear his voice. I told him I was cold, and he stripped off his heavy shirt and threw it down. It came down like a fluttering bat, and settled over me. I put it on and felt better A sudden rain of rocks showered

down on top of me. I ducked my head between my knees and felt the stones slamming hard onto my back, and then the little avalanche stopped. I took the shirt and wrapped it

around my head and crouched there, waiting for death, which seemed so close now. Warford kept up a running con-

versation at the top, trying to dispel the terror of my loneliness down at the bottom of the black nit. We tried to figure how far I'd fallen. It had to be between 85 and 100 feet. That I still lived was a miracle, and I knew they had believed at first that I was dead. A sudden rumble came, and I heard the whistle of falling rocks once more. This time, I knew they were big. With lethal speed the crumbling side of the shaft tumbled down, a rain of death. With a sudden crash, a giant boulder slammed to a stop beside my legs, and then a shower of smaller rocks pounded me mercilessly. When the slide subsided. I heard

another sound above me. This time, it was the voices of the others, yelling encouragement. Gary and Jim had found a group of mountainclimbers, sent by a strange fate to the bottom of Squaw Peak. Perhaps there was a Divine guidance, I don't know, But they had a 150-foot nylon climbing rope, and that was the lifeline I needed so badly.

I could hear the men above rigging the rope double, and then I saw the dark form of one of them. edging down toward me, silhouetted against a brighter spotlight

Soon the rescuer was beside me, and I looked up and grinned at Owen Skousen and thanked him for coming down to me. Skousen tied the nylon rope around me, and I started up. I fought off terrible nausea as the men above hauled me up, and I silently prayed that another heavy rockfall would not

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crash down on the man at the bottom, where I had lain. Within minutes we were both out of that awful hellhole. Death wasn't a deep black hole-not for me, END

MY CHENT MR. COWARD

(Continued from page 23)

spurted from his mouth as he began puking up his gin and backing away from the lion, The cat smelled the alcohol fumes and it seemed to drive him wild. Wheeler saw the lion rearing up and pawing the air and his nerve broke completely. Screaming, he threw down his rifle and started to run. Acting on animal instinct, the lion charged after him

Quickly I laid my sights along the lion's spine and triggered. The huge cat appeared to break in half, scooting belly-first to a halt on the rocks. I wheeled around, frantically working the bolt of the Mag-

The lioness had come boiling from the same hole as her mate, about 30 yards to my rear. I was blocking her path of escape and she charged me to fight her way out. K'Linni, who had climbed to safety on the kloof wall, hurled his asseggi into her when she rushed past him. The spear slowed her down long enough for me to finish putting my bullet into the lion.

By the time I turned to face her. the lioness was up again and coming at me full tilt, the broken-off shaft of K'Linni's spear wavering upward from her ribs. She had raised her head to aim for a long leap when I squeezed off the only shot I knew I'd ever get. My bullet exploded her left eveball and she spun around, nose-diving onto the rocks. I got ready again, but she

didn't get up. The broken-backed lion was still struggling to get up and fight, dragging himself along with his forefeet and growling pitifully. I took aim for the back of his head and fired. The bullet slammed his shaggy head against the rocks and flattened him out. The only movement left in him was the dying twitches of his tail.

I looked around for my client but he was nowhere in sight. I figured he was still running from the lion When I got to camp Wheeler was

already there. He was sick, but sober. From the look of his sweatsoaked clothes he must have run the whole distance to camp. Scattered around him were a half-

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dozen empty gin cases and piles of broken glass among the rocks. The place looked and smelled as if a liquor factory had exploded. "I broke every last bottle," he

explained disgustedly. Then he looked away, unable to face me. "I sure acted like a gutless coward out there, didn't I?" "It wasn't lack of true courage."

I reassured him. "The liquor you've

been drinking probably fouled up your nerves." "I still want to try for an elephant," he pleaded. "If you'll give

me another chance . . . without the liquor?" I believe in giving any man a second chance . . . which is often

his only chance to become a man-I took Wheeler to the Lake Victoria country just south of the Uganda border and gave him his chance to grow up. He performed like a real hunter, downing his tusker without a hitch . . . and without gin.

THE AMAZING REASONS MENTIKE PAGAN PIN-UPS (Continued from page 39)

entertained by are, as a matter of fact, things which they would never dare discuss with their friends. When a man's savage under-currents are swelling within him, what

does he look for in a pin-up pic-First of all, he obviously doesn't want the pin-up beauty to look too

Secondly, he wants this kind of pin-up queen to look as if she's as honest as the sunrise itself. If she wants him, she'll say so; and if she doesn't, she'll spit on him Thirdly, he wants this kind of

in-up beauty to look as if she'll fight. Should a man decide to take her, he could damn well expect the biggest battle of his life. Should he win, he might also anticipate the sweetest triumph of his life One psychiatrist put it to me even

more boldly. "From time to time," he said, "every man wants to be with a slut. There are periods when neither his wife, the most proud beauty in the country, or for that matter, gray good girl could satisfy him. He wants to do things no good giri would allow; indeed he couldn't even allow himself to do them with her. He wants, to use the vernacuiar, the kind of roll that only a thorough-going hussy could give



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Psychologists agree that no man wants to be completely civilized. That's why as this country becomes more refined in its way of living, American men will probably turn increasingly to such things as "pagan" pin-ups, in order to give vent to the half-savage impulses that will continue to lurk within

I WAS TRAPPED IN TERROR TRENCH (Continued from page 34)

Makoma insisted upon coming with me. Cautiously we followed the spoor when, trumpeting raucously, the bull suddenly charged I fired both barrels but still the great brute came on, I dived for the shelter of some trees. Instead

of following me, Makoma stood his ground, firing the light rifle. Scrambling to my feet and hurriedly reloading I saw the end of Makoma. The bull was trampling him into the earth. The elephant then walked away

He led me a long, tiring chase. Finally I saw him standing in a small, rocky clearing. The way his trunk and ears were waving I knew that he was trying to scent or hear me. But his rear end was toward me and I wanted to get close enough for a brain shot.

I began circling. Presently I was facing the bull from a distance of about 50 paces.

Here the ground was seamed with gullies and I walked along the bottom of one until I was no more than ten paces away. Climbing out I moved quickly to one side so that I would have the sun behind me. Also behind me was a hole about six feet wide and about eight feet in length and depth. My plan was that when the bull charged I would fire both barrels, then jump across the hoie. Even if my shots didn't kill him, the time it would take him to come around the hole would give me time to reload and fire again And as I planned it all—he wind-

ed me and charged When he was within a few feet of me I fired both barreis, then turned to leap over the hole. But my foot slipped and I tumbled headiong into it. The fall stunned

When I opened my eyes everything was dark; I could not see thè sky. Slowly I understood, I had killed the bull and, in falling the impetus of his charge had caused his monstrous bulk to roll atop the

hole.

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I was buried alive by the carcass of an elephant

Striking a match I examined my prison. There was a lot of debris, including twigs and sticks, at the bottom of the trench, and also a small inner cave about two feet from the bottom, about the size of my body and roughly four feet from front to rear. A small stream trickled along one side I made a small fire from twigs.

The better light showed me that escape was hopeless; It would take scores of natives and oxen to move the dead elephant wedged into the

To hope for help seemed equally futile, for I was in a stretch of uninhabited country. The heat was stifling. There was just enough air to allow me to

breathe. I saw only a 100-to-I chance of escape. That would be if animals and birds ate away enough of the huge carcass to allow me to pull myself up through the skeleton. I could not find my rifle. When I fell it must have fallen out of my hand on to the far side of the

My watch had been smashed in my fall and as the dead elephant blocked out all light I could tell night from day only by sounds First I heard vultures, but even their powerful beaks and claws would be unable to make any impression on the pachyderm's hide until decomposition set in. Presently the cries and snarling of hyenas and jackals told me it was night But even they would have to wait until the heavy hide was softened by decay. But in such heat decay would be swlft.

The trickling water was refreshing. Repeatedly I gulped mouthfuls and spiashed it on my face. This must have lasted about three days and nights, when there came an explosion. The bulky carcass, distended by lnner gases, had burst. Now the scavenging beasts and birds could feast. It also brought the lions; I could hear them plainly.

But would the host of animal, bird and insect life now feeding on the carcass devour It in time to save my life? There were tons of flesh to eat; and as each bird and beast became satiated they would retire and sleep. And for want of food and fresh air I was slowly

Up to now I had not once called for help for two reasons: there would hardly be anyone within earshot, and, in any case, the huge bulk blocking the opening of the trench would have muffled my cries But as soon as the dead bull was skeletonized I would start shouting By now, I calculated, I had been entombed for six days and five nights. And I was so weak I doubt-





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ed that I would be able to haul myself to freedom through the giant skeleton if the opportunity offered The stench was nauseating as the huge hulk of flesh rotted more hourly. There were no lions feeding on it now, but the hyenas, jackals, vultures and countless other smaller beasts, birds and insects continued the feast

Another long night of fitful dosing and then, looking up. I saw a tiny crack of daylight. Some of the feasting things above me had worked right through to the lower hide

of the dead bull Next, things started to fail on me. At first a few at a time, and then a steady shower. Hurriediy I struck a match-and almost collapsed from sheer horror, Maggots, vellowish and about two inches long. were raining upon me. They were eating their way through the last thickness of hide and falling right through. The bottom of the trench was

already inches thick with a source.

ing mass of the repulsive tarva 1 eried out in my revuision, then, squashing over them scrambled into the small cave. By lying on my back I sheltered my head and torso but it was not deep enough for me to curl into entirely my legs from the knees down dangled outside. Now my control snapped and I started to shout at the top of my voice . . . wild words in both English and native dialect . . . pleas for help, curses for the maggets. anything so long as it might bring

release from what might yet prove to be my tomb.

confined space of the small cave surged about my ears in a deafen-ing clamor. And then my last strength left me and everything dissolved into nothingness

Days later I recovered conscious. ness in hed in the tiny outpost hospital at Napusa. As I opened my eyes the native nurse hurrled away to return with the resident medical officer, Doctor Frank Burns. "You'll pull through," he told me,

"but we've had quite a time with

you. He then told me that stray natives had been watching the host of things feeding on the dead elephant for days, awaiting their chance to back free the tusks. It had not entered their heads that a man might be buried beneath the dead tusker. And then had come my shouts. They had immediately rescued me.

"Just as soon as I'm on my feet I'll see that they're well rewarded " I said weakly

A peculiar expression across Dr Burne' face Then as gently and sympathetically as possible he told me that my legs from the knees down had been riddled through and through by maggots. Mortification had set in, obliging

It took me time to get over the shock. Then came gratefulness that my life had been saved before the maggots had started eating my

Today, with the aid of artificial legs. I go about my business contentedly and comfortably. But the maggots have ended my hunting



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